**Shirts vs Skins - 20**

I must have been over tired or maybe just emotionally exhausted, because I slept through the night. You might have thought the anxiety of the upcoming day would have left me unable to sleep. After all, I was going to face dozens of students in my classes, and many more who had witnessed my near nude public penalty. But I woke, still naked from pleasuring myself to the thoughts of so many seeing me practically naked, to my alarm clock. I knew last night, as I know now, that my impending humiliation may become unbearable, but was unable to keep my fingers from between my thighs, as I went through the messages.

It was morning now and those feelings of titillation were replaced with feelings of dread. I scrambled to find my nightgown, afraid someone might see me naked through any slight opening in the curtains. Quite a change to go from standing defiantly in front of Dean Wallace and most of the student body, wearing only my panties, to feeling nervous that someone may get an obstructed view of my naked body, through my curtains. I pulled the nightgown over my body and put on some underwear. Feeling jittery, I started to pick out todays outfit very carefully. I needed to find a happy medium, somewhere between a ‘Winter Clothed Eskimo’ and ‘South Beach Stripper’. The idea was to bring as little attention as possible, to myself.

The weather had changed from 90 plus degrees, to the high 70’s, that was more the norm for this time of year. Thankfully this allowed for more suitable attire. I started by picking out a standard white bra that wasn’t too flimsy. I then chose a pair of my solid color women’s boy shorts underwear. For pants I selected my navy blue capri pants and matched them with a button up checkered shirt. I knew I couldn’t lock myself in my clothes but having the appearance that these clothes aren’t easily ripped off like a sundress, was the goal. I felt wearing sneakers might remind others of my penance ensemble, of panties and sneakers so decided to wear sandals.

I looked at the outfit I had laid out on the bed and turned my phone back on. “Cute but conservative”, I thought to myself, as I focused on the purposely chosen garments. I had shut my phone off before I went to sleep last night. To my horror I had dozens more messages. Some were sent as late (or early) as 4:00 a.m. The first thing that came to mind was how many guys were using whatever photos or videos they had of me, to amuse themselves. (you know what I mean) “Ughh! How Gross!”, I thought, as I realized I was becoming aroused again. I shook my head violently, trying to erase these depraved thoughts from my mind, but all I could think about was the dozens of people who had my almost naked body at their fingertips. It must admit. It was intoxicating.

I scanned the messages quickly. As you would expect, anyone who already had my number, and sent a message of support, sent it the evening before. This group of messages were sent by anonymous perverts, describing their fantasies involving me. Some, in great-detail, I might add. As warped as it was, I saved them for later. I took a shower, got dressed, and prepare myself to look as dignified as possible. Fully dressed, I packed my books and necessary items for class and stared at myself in the mirror. I didn’t have a class for three hours, but I was ready.

Talking myself into believing, that many of the students wouldn’t recognize me as the, ‘The Wet Panties Girl’, I decided to get an early start. I drove my car, in the event that I may need a speedy get-away. I pulled into the college parking lot, walked into the building and headed for the school cafeteria. I was starving! There were only three people in the cafeteria at that hour, so I started to feel safe. I made my coffee, picked up a bagel and cream cheese, then pushed my tray along the chrome rails of the counter to the cashier.

This sweet, middle aged Mexican American woman, who had rung up my food hundreds of times the previous year, stopped cold. She looked to her left and then her right, and whispered to me, “You are ‘The Wet Panties Girl. Yes?” Unable to respond, I could barely nod. She scanned the area again, and said, “You stand up to Dean Wallace. We don’t like Dean Wallace. He’s not fair to us. It’s on the house honey”, as she nudged my tray toward me, and winked. I walked away from the counter to a small table in the corner, wondering how she recognized me and what small revolution I had started.

I was sitting quietly at my corner table, drinking my coffee and nibbling on my bagel, when I overheard one of the three people in the cafeteria say, “Angela! What do you mean she’s not home?” I had been ignoring the ongoing vibrates from my phone, assuming they were just more supporters, or worse, hecklers. I looked down at my phone and saw it was Angela, who had been texting me. I immediately responded to her text, noticing it was Eddie, who was talking out loud and he must have been talking to Angela. I texted. “Sorry. I’ve been ignoring my phone for obvious reasons”.

Angela texted me, “Sharon. Where are you? Eddie’s on the phone, and wants to know if you considered an interview for the school paper?” Knowing I was only a few tables away from him, I replied. “I left early to get some breakfast. Where are you?” “I’m at your house”, she responded, with a sad faced emoji, attached. “What should I tell him?”, she texted. “Tell him I haven’t decided yet”. She must have relayed my message, because the next thing I heard him say was, “Let her know we should release an edition of the paper before tomorrow night’s game, to get the most effect. I’ll be waiting by my phone”, as he ended his call with Angela.

It all felt way too political for my liking, as I read Angela’s next text message. “I’m not really sure what you should do Sharon, but if everyone knew how this whole thing started, it could create additional support at tomorrow’s game. After all you will be playing in just your panties and sneakers. (like I needed to be reminded) It can’t hurt your reputation to have the crowd understand why”. I told her I’d get back to her soon. Still having two hours before my first class, I decided to do what any level-headed college student would do.

I opened my messages to read more carefully, the comments I had saved for later. If the majority were positive, regardless of how crude, I would do the interview. If they were mostly negative, I would decline to do the interview, and just try to get through the ordeal. Eddie remained in the cafeteria working on his lap top, as I read the messages. The more I read, the more aroused I became. The more pictures and different angles, of my panty clad form I saw, the hornier I got. I read for about 45 minutes and almost went to the girl’s room to relieve myself.

The comments were mostly in support of my attitude and posture, under such circumstances. Half of those were also lude but positive remarks about my body. I decided to do the interview and approached Eddie’s table. I stood before him as he looked up. He didn’t seem to recognize me in my clothes, so I started the conversation with, “Hi. I’m Sharon. ‘The wet Panties Girl’. Do you still want to interview me?”, as I extended my hand to shake his.

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Eddie stood up, shook my hand, and said, “Yes Sharon, I really do want to do this interview. Please take a seat”. I sat across from him at the table and waited for him to pull his eyes from his laptop and ask me something. Anything! Still churning between my thighs from reading the late night, early morning messages, I thought I would have been more readily prepared if I had visited the ladies’ room and relieved myself. Finally, he said, “Come sit here (as he pointed to the seat next to him) and let me tell you what I have in mind”.

I did some research, and Old Man Wallace was right. Because this is a private college that receives no government or public funds, he has the authority to administer any reprimand he sees fit, providing there’s no chance of lasting or permanent harm. Eddie was watching a video of me, writing my penance on the clear drawing board, as he continued. He seemed more like an attorney than a school paper editor. I interrupted him, and snapped, “You don’t think being put through 'THAT HUMILIATION', could cause lasting emotional harm?”, as I pointed to the screen.

There were so many more angles of me on his video. He apparently did his research on any existing video of me as well. There were shots of me through the clear drawing board which left my tits slightly blurred but on perfect display. Other angles came from the sides which allowed the viewer to see how erect my nipples were, along with a perspective that showed my tummy disappearing into the tufts of black pubic hair visible above the low-cut white panties. On so many of the shots from the rear point of view, the gap between my thighs and apparent camel-toe were quite noticeable. What was both the biggest thrill, and source of utter humiliation, was the huge crowd in the background from every vantage point.

I kept looking around to make sure no one else was watching, as the cafeteria was filling up, but had no desire to ask Eddie to turn off the video. He started to critique my body language on the video, and said, “Sharon. The issue you have here is that you appear to be totally comfortable from the moment you abruptly removed your sundress, right up to the point where you put it back on. All during those hours, you never once attempted to cover up. You didn’t cover your breasts, even though you had one hand free, while you were writing. You didn’t shield anyone’s view while you were waiting for Dean Wallace to return. Even when your team mate soaked the front of your panties with her water bottle, you turned around, so she could wet the back!”

I couldn’t have felt more ashamed, as I realized the accuracy in what he was saying. “I’ve studied the video”, he continued, “and can’t find anytime where your facial expressions showed even the slightest signs of embarrassment”. Just when I was about to get up, go to my apartment, pack my things and return home, he said. “So, the argument that there may be lasting harm, is negligible. Now look at the expressions of those in the crowd. Sharon, Dean Wallace meant to humiliate you, and send you home with your tail between your legs. But when you look at the faces in the crowd, you can see the esteem they have for you, and the admirable way you are handling, an otherwise overwhelming situation”.

“I hate bullies! Do you hate bullies, Sharon?”, he asked. I nodded, yes. “Then let’s start at the beginning”, Eddie said. “Tell me about Sunday afternoon in the gym”. I told him about how I entered the gymnasium, only for the purpose of refilling my water bottle, but was asked to play in the game because they were one player short to even up the teams. I told him how I was baited by Sam to play on the skins team, and how his chauvinistic comment provoked me to rip off my dress and bra, and play. Still keeping aware of my surroundings, I continued to tell Eddie how I ended up in front of Dean Wallace, wearing nothing but wet, transparent, low cut white cotton panties and sneakers.

Eddie diligently typed away at his keyboard, as I gave him my version of the events. I sat in my seat, grateful to be un-noticed, and gave Eddie every detail from that day, I could remember. I had less than 45 minutes until my first class and became bewildered. Was I an activist? Was I some kind of, ‘Joan of Arc’ protégé? Or was I just an exhibitionist tramp, grateful for the opportunity to expose myself to so many others? I was so confused but left my thoughts to myself.

Eddie finally broke his concentration from his laptop, and suggested, “Sharon. I may not be correct, but here’s my take on the situation. Dean Wallace has imposed two penalties for a single infraction. As I see it, you have already paid your ‘Debt to Society, so to speak. Why the basketball game? Why take the trouble to organize such an event? I’ll tell you why! He’s using you to attract spectators to a sport they would not otherwise pay to see. It’s all about the money! It always is!” Eddie was starting to get a little louder than I would have liked. I kept trying to remain incognito yet scan the room for those who may have recognized me, at the same time.

“Sharon! You’re his ‘Cash Cow’! A really, cute and sexy, hundred-pound cash cow. But a ‘Cash Cow’, all the same”. Eddie may have been crazy, but what he was saying was starting to make sense. Eddie suggested we take a walk to keep from bringing attention to our conversation / interview. Mentally, I was somewhere amongst the emotions of ‘Pissed Off’, ‘Humiliated’ and ‘Turned On’, at the same time. I agreed, and we left the cafeteria and found a picnic table outside.

I wasn’t sure which emotion was strongest when Eddie asked, “Sharon. When Dean Wallace discovered you in the gymnasium, you were on the other side of the basketball court, away from the guys and wearing only wet, transparent panties and sneakers. Is that right?” To my chagrin, I nodded yes. “Did you attempt to cover your tits or pussy when he came in?”, he continued. “I froze solid Eddie! I didn’t do anything but stand there!”, I responded in anger. Eddie started to smile when I asked, “What Eddie?” His reply would shape my behavior for the next three days.

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“Sharon! Don’t you see? It’s a Battle of the Wills!”, Eddie exclaimed. I must have looked confused, because he continued to explain. “Dean Wallace had been watching the security cameras before he entered the gym, right?” I replied, “Yeah?” “He watched you take off your dress and bra, drop them on the gym floor and hang out with ‘basically’ seven male strangers, wearing nothing but your panties and sneakers, right?” I felt like such a slut, as I nodded yes. “Then Wallace walked in, and you’re almost naked body remained completely visible before him, right?” I was getting tired of this game but was aroused, as I remembered how exposed and vulnerable I had felt at that moment, and replied, “Yes Eddie! What’s your point?”

Eddie went on explaining his theory, “Dean Wallace knew the minute he laid eyes on you, that this was his opportunity to ‘Rally the Troops’ as it were. He figured the student body would come out in droves to see you publicly humiliated, and they did. He figured he could fill all the seats in the gymnasium for tomorrow night’s game, and that his willingness to publicly humiliate you would pull the students together for a common cause. What he didn’t plan on was your grit and obstinance. When you ripped off your dress and held that marker, staring him down in defiance (as he played it over on his laptop) and the crowd supported you, he knew his plan was destined to fail. My guess is he would cancel tomorrow’s game if he could. Sharon. You have the support of the masses! Dean Wallace neglected to account for his own unpopularity”.

I was in a daze, as I listened to Eddie go on. “Here’s what you need to do Sharon. First you must retain that attitude of dissent. I know it must be a bit overwhelming to know the entire student body has seen your breasts, know that your nipples are like gumdrops and could practically count your pubic hairs, but you must maintain your resolve”. I didn’t know if I wanted to leave this small college town forever or strip off my clothes and walk through the campus naked. I did notice I was subconsciously squeezing my thighs together, as my pussy became more and more moist.

Eddie was so non-cha-lent, describing how he felt others had viewed me, and all I wanted to do, was go home and have an orgasm. I was worried if he continued, I might have one right here. “Now. When you’re in your classes and around the campus the next two days”, he continued, “You must not complain how you’re the ‘Little Victim’. You will be asked ‘Why’, or ‘How’ you ended up being so exposed in front of the entire college. Keeping your responses as short as possible, you must explain how Sam’s chauvinistic comments propelled you to play basketball under his terms. Who cares what they were. You did this, so you had the opportunity to show your basketball skills to those guys, and that you are as good, if not better, at playing the game. Tell them you gave playing on the ‘Skins Team’, little thought”.

I had less than twenty minutes until my first class, and Eddie knew it. “Sharon. I think I have all I need for the article. Keep in mind, there will be some ‘Nay-Sayers’. Mostly girls, whose boyfriends have become infatuated with you, but don’t be discouraged. Stand tall and proud. Dean Wallace is more apprehensive about tomorrow night’s game than you are”. I watched Eddie pack up his laptop, as he prepared to go work on the article for his paper. All I could think about, was that I had to go to my first class, and almost everyone there had seen me practically naked. Eddie may have been a nerd, but I felt I had made another true friend.

I was feeling somewhat nervous as we parted, and I watched him walk away. I turned to the college, took a deep breath and walked toward the school building, on my way to my first class. I wasn’t ten feet passed the entrance door, in the hallway, when I heard the voice of a female shout out, “Hey Sharon! GREAT TITS and ASS GIRL!” Feeling overcome with anxiety, and watching the stares from the other students, I looked to see who had pointed me out, to those around me.

OMG! It was Hillary! Hillary was a self-proclaimed lesbian, who had made more than a few passes at me over the last year. She was six inches taller than me, and would be considered the ‘Butch’ in any relationship she was in. Hillary was sturdy, yet very pretty and had this domineering persona. She never made me feel threatened or anything, but a little uneasy, as she would describe what she wanted to do with me. I would giggle and respectfully decline her offers. Believe it or not, once she offered to wear a fake beard, so I would think it was a guy eating my pussy. I declined that invitation as well.

I wasn’t uneasy at all, but almost felt relieved, as she approached me, in this ‘All to Public’ arena. Having no idea how to handle this new turn of events, I just smiled at her and said, “Hi Hillary. How are you?” She walked up to me, put her hands on my cheeks and said, “If I had any idea, all I had to do was play basketball, to get you to take your clothes off, I would have started playing last year when we met”. We both started laughing out loud. Without notice, Hillary turned to the onlookers and said, “What are you looking at? Get to class!” the crowd dispersed, and I felt safe and even more horny.

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Hillary turned her focus back to me and said, “Sharon. You will need an escort today, and it just so happens, I’m available”. I respectfully declined her offer, knowing what she would want in return. My recent experiment with Angela, was as far as I was ready to go in that respect. Still I had this problem. I was so horny I could barely focus. Watching Eddie’s video, and listening to his articulate description of both my body and my attitude during the recent events, had left me wet and unable to concentrate. I needed to have an orgasm.

For a split second I thought about asking Hillary to guard the women’s room door, knowing I would be able to climax in just a few minutes. Reason took over and I thought better of it. Don’t get me wrong. Hillary was gracious when I declined her sexual advances, but I knew she wanted a relationship with me, not just to have me as her little play toy on occasion. I turned my attention to making my first class and figured I could go home between my second and third classes. I had a two-hour window between my second class and third period lecture.

Hillary decided to walk me to my first class anyway. After several dirty looks from some female students (just as Eddie had predicted) I was grateful for the company. I was only two classrooms away from my first lesson when something caught my eye that forced me to stop. Right there, posted behind the locked glass door of a school message board was a poster, with an unobstructed, full-frontal photo of me wearing just my wet panties and a smile, in the gym, surrounded by my team mates with spectators in the background.

“GET YOUR TICKETS FOR THURSDAY NIGHT’S “EXHIBITION” BASKETBALL GAME. $10.00”

The word ‘Exhibition” was printed over a yellow smiley face, as a pun to increase the degradation. OMG! Eddie was right! Dean Wallace was making money at My expense and My Public Humiliation! Other students gathered around, as someone noticed me seeing the poster for the first time. I’m sure I looked shocked. I started to feel claustrophobic, as the crowd behind me grew to almost a dozen students. I looked up to Hillary when one of the male students said, “Hey! That’s you! You’re the ‘Wet Panties Girl’! I wanted to die, as he continued to tell me how much he admired my tits. “They’re not real big, but they are nice!” he said, as his finger was pushing against the glass, bringing everyone’s attention to my bare breast and erect nipples.

I started to subconsciously move my book bag upward to cover my chest, like that would make a difference as I was totally exposed behind the locked glass door. I couldn’t even tear it down. I started to feel faint as I tried to make my way through the crowd. Just when I felt I could bear no more, one of the female students said, “Hey. It’s a small price to pay for bringing Dean Wallace’s ‘Reign of Terror’ to the forefront. I would never be able to challenge him, especially dressed like that, but I glad some is. You’re a hero to many of the students here”. The guy who commented on my tits must have felt a bit guilty because he added, “She’s right you know. About being a hero. I’d apologize for the ‘Nice Tits’ comment but they really are nice”.

Hillary said, “Thanks guys. Sharon really appreciates your support, but she needs to get to her class”, as she escorted me through the crowd and down to my classroom. I guess I needed her more than I thought. I turned to her and said, “Hillary. I think maybe I’ll just go home. I’m not feeling very well”. “Oh no you don’t!” she replied. “If you leave now, Old man Wallace wins. This thing is bigger than you Sharon”. I was about to tell Hillary how I wanted to avoid the attention but realized that may not be completely true. After all I just did the interview with Eddie. I started feeling a little regret creeping in about that. Angela came around the corner as I was talking myself into going home.

“Hey Sharon. Did you see the posters that ‘Dean Ass Hole’ put up in all the school message boards?” That was it! “I’m out of here”, I mumbled to myself and started toward the exit. Angela and Hillary blocked my way out, as they introduced themselves to each other. “Come on you guys”, I whined. “Let me through”. Angela said, “Sharon listen! First, there’s nothing on the posters that anyone who wants to, can’t get off the internet, or from each other. Sorry girl but your awesome little body is out there. Second, having the posters locked up behind the glass of the message boards, protects them from graffiti. Better behind the glass than having people drawing bigger tits and stuff on them. That idiot did you a favor”. Hillary nodded in agreement.

Angela went on speaking, as she continued to block my way to the exit. “I’ve heard students and professors, having discussions about this whole thing. Believe me Sharon, people admire you. If you walk out now, Dean Wallace will continue with his little dictatorship for years to come. You may not want to be the heroine of this story, but you are”. Hillary told Angela how she had just told me the same thing. There was no way I was getting passed these two, so I took a breath and decided to go into my first class. Seconds from walking through the door, I heard someone in a group of students walking by us, yell out, “Hey! ‘Wet Panties Girl’. Good luck tomorrow night! We’ll be cheering for you!” Angela looked down at me and said, “See?” “Nice Tits!”, was the next thing we heard from the group. I just rolled my eyes, looked up at her, and said, “See?”, as I turned and walked into my class.

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My mind was full of trepidation, as I entered the classroom. I chose a seat away from the door and close to the back of the class, but not in the back row. I didn’t want to be immediately recognized as others entered the room but didn’t want to appear like I was hiding either. I was trying to be inconspicuous but hoping to be invisible. My first class was a required mathematics curriculum, so I organized my books and notepad. I turned my eyes down to my phone and tried to remain unnoticed. This class only had fourteen students, and I was hoping they all had buried their heads in the sand the last few days.

Needless to say: I had my message alert turned off as I watched the messages continue to come in. The rest of the students had filed in and class was about to start. As usual, we were mostly spread out since the classroom could hold up to forty students. Believe it or not, I felt a crumpled piece of paper bounce off my back. What is this, junior high school, I thought to myself. I turned to see Harold Wheeler signaling me to look at my phone. Harold was pretty much a geek but was nice enough, or so I thought.

I looked to see the most recent message and against my better judgement, I opened it up. Harold had photo-shopped himself into one of the hundreds of photos of me, exposed in the gum. There it was, plain as day. Harold, with his arm around my almost naked body, with the message, “Want to go out after the game tomorrow?” And of course, the photo was one taken after Sarah had soaked my panties, so my dark pubic hair could be seen in full detail. I wasn’t even embarrassed. Just totally grossed out. I returned the response. “In your dreams Harold! Now grow up!” I did chuckle inside a bit. Harold never said a word to any girl, so I felt a little special, as disturbing as that may seem.

Our professor, Mr. Scott had started the class with his usual, “Good morning everyone”. It seemed like, with the exception of Harold’s message, I may make it through this class unscathed. That was until Mr. Scott continued, “Nice to see you with your clothes on Sharon”. All eyes turned to me. I wanted to crawl under my desk, feeling more naked than I was in the gymnasium. That was until he said, “No Sharon, I’m just kidding. I’m among the many that think you handled the situation with great courage and resolve”.

After one of the female students asked me how the whole thing started, the class turned into a question and answer segment, followed by an open discussion about the abuse of power. As awkward as the hour was, it was nice to tell my side of the story without the constant comments and opinions about my body, distracting from the real issue. This was an extremely liberal college, but this week’s events had many speculating about the underlying purpose of Dean Wallace’s actions. I spent ten minutes after class answering more questions from the students. It was so surreal but had put me in a better frame of mind to handle the two days of classes before tomorrow night’s game.

Harold was making a bee-line for the door when I called out, “Harold! Wait!” I knew sending me that message was a real big step for him. I excused myself from those engaged in our conversation and headed over to him. He bowed his head down and looked like a scared little puppy. Before I could say anything, he said, in the most, timid tone possible, “I’m sorry about the text message Sharon. I don’t know what came over me”. He was so shy and afraid, that I felt bad about the text message I had sent to him. “Harold. Forget it. To tell you the truth, it was kind of funny and I was bit flattered. Now Harold, we’re not going out on Thursday night, but I would be proud to have coffee with you in the cafeteria after my next class”. He gave me a big smile and said, “It’s a date”.

As Harold headed down the hallway, I waved to the rest of the lingering students in the classroom and told them I had to go to my next class. On the way to my next class, I snickered at what Harold had said. “It’s a date”. Walking to my next class, I ran into dozens of students who now knew me as, ‘The Wet Panties Girl’. I few feet from the classroom door I ran into Sam. He pulled me to the side of the hallway and said, “Sharon. I wanted you to hear this from me first”. Worried something was wrong I asked hm, “What Sam?” I replied. “I don’t know why, but Dean Wallace has commuted my sentence.

He told me to dress in full uniform tomorrow night. He said something about the punishment fitting the crime. Since I acquired the key and opened the gym without permission, my punishment is to wash the gymnasium floor on Sunday. He said since you’re the only one who stripped down to almost nothing, you should be the only one forced to play like that. I want you to know it was his idea. I never said a word to him or my coach”. I knew immediately this was Dean Wallace’s way of signaling me out in front of everyone. He wanted to humiliate me more by making sure I was the only one exposed, playing in the game. I became so angry with him, but didn’t want to take it out on Sam. I told Sam it was alright and that I had to head to my next class.

I think deep down I wanted to be the only one exposed. It was making me feel like standing up to him again, wearing just my panties, and was arousing me at the same time. As I made my way to class, I heard a few guys yell out, mostly the after the cowards were well past me in the hallway. “Hey. Any chance you’ll play naked tomorrow?” “Let’s see more of those pubes!” “Lose the panties tomorrow”, etc. For every crude remark yelled down the hall, there seem to be someone close by telling me not to listen to those jerks and wishing me luck in the game. I continued, on my way, feeling both apprehensive and sexually stimulated. I felt like I needed a distraction from the perverse thoughts running through my mind, so decided to stop by Miss Reynolds’ office on my way to class.

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The rest of the walk to Miss Reynolds’ office was thankfully uneventful. As I approached the door to her office, I heard her talking to someone. I waited outside, trying not to eavesdrop but recognized the voice of the person she was talking to. It was our team’s equipment manager, Tiffany. Tiffany was a junior and excelled at seeing to the team’s equipment, and the needs of the players. I sincerely attempted not to listen in on their private conversation, but when I heard Tiffany say, “Miss Reynolds! You can’t resign!”, I had to listen in.

“Tiffany, I have no choice. I made this deal with Dean Wallace to keep Sharon from any criminal charges. I had no idea how far he would take it. I can’t imagine what that poor girl is going through. I love this job, because I love the girls I am privileged to coach and mentor. I have let Sharon down. I’m going to resign, and the team will not be playing tomorrow night. It’s the right thing to do. I’ll get a job at another college, and Sharon can move on with her life. I just hope it’s not to late for her to get things back to normal”. My eyes started to fill with tears as I heard about the sacrifice she was willing to make for me. After all, if I hadn’t let Sam bait me into playing on the ‘Skins’ team, none of this would have happened in the first place. I had to do something.

Without thinking things through, (I could have let her resign, and the ‘Wet Panties Girl’ thing would have fizzled out) I burst into her office and said, “Miss Reynolds! You, me and this team aren’t going anywhere!” She looked at me with her eyes also filled with tears and said, “Sharon. I am so sorry”, as she hugged me, and started to cry. I pulled away, without letting go of her, and took a page from her book. I looked at her and said. “Miss Reynolds. Our team doesn’t run away, or scurry around like scared little rabbits. We stand tall and face our advesaries. Right?”

I could tell she was relieved that I wasn’t an emotional wreck. “I have to get to my next class now, but I do have an idea”, I said. I could tell she wanted to ask me, “What idea?” but was drying her eyes and unable to speak. “We need another practice tonight. A full team, full court scrimmage. I don’t want to lose tomorrow night. That would be way more embarrassing than playing in my panties. After all. Most of the students have pictures and videos of me, and we can’t do anything about that now. Let’s play to win this game”. Just as she had inspired me to stiffen my spine Monday night, it was my chance to return the favor.

As we hugged again, we heard a male voice from the hallway say, “Hey! It’s the Wet Panties Girl!” My immediate response was, “GROW UP LOSER!”. The sound of his friends telling him how he had just been ‘Owned’ by me and laughing at him, as they disappeared from the doorway of Miss Reynolds’ office and down the hallway, let Miss Reynolds know I was able to handle the situation. Something that may not have been true without her guidance. She asked me to have coffee with her after my next class, so I showed her Harold’s photo-shopped message and said, “Believe it or not, I’m having coffee with him after my class, but I’ll stop by later today.

I left Miss Reynolds’ office feeling much better about myself, my true friends and this awkward situation, and so marched to my biology class. I entered the classroom just one minute late, hoping not to bring anymore unwanted attention to myself. As I walked in one of the female students yelled out, “See! I told you she wasn’t a coward!” The entire class stood up and applauded me as I entered the classroom. I bowed my head and made my way to my desk. The applause settled down and the class got started. After twenty minutes I felt unsettled. There was no talk about my tits, ass or dark pubic hair exposed through the wet panties. I knew then, that it was me! I was the one who wanted my naked body to be the subject of conversation. I WAS AN EXHIBITIONIST!

Once again, moist between my thighs, brought on by my own private fantasies, I was unable to pay attention to the professor. I would have stripped naked in front of the whole class, if someone had asked me to. With less than thirty minutes left in this class, I heard the Professor Raymond say, “Sharon! Are you with us?” I looked up and replied, “Yes sir. I’m paying attention”. The entire class looked at me, as he said, “If you were paying attention Sharon, you would have heard me say, “We need a model for the next demonstration”. I wasn’t paying attention, and was afraid to admit it, so I replied, “O.k. I’ll do it. I’ll model for the demonstration”.

Little did I know, I had just agreed to remove all my clothes, and be a human dummy for the rest of the biology class. Professor Raymond said, “Good. Sharon, I’ll need you over here, as he instructed another student to pull down the shade over the glass window of the door and led me to the center of the room. “O.k. Class! We are now ready to move from the plastic dummies to a real human. Keep in mind, it doesn’t matter if it is male or female for this particular demonstration. We are to be focused on the texture of the skin, not the gender of the model. He then looked at me and said, “O.k. Sharon. Please remove your clothes.

Only minutes ago, I would have ripped off my shirt with such fervor, that I would have sent the buttons across the room, at a speed that could take your eye out. But now, I was again the center of attention, and surrounded by so many other students. I fumbled with the buttons of my checkered shirt. My hands were shaking, as I unbuttoned the lowest button and let the shirt fall from my shoulders. I could feel my heart beating faster, as I unbuttoned my capri pants. Kicking off my sandals, in an attempt to appear casual about by public disrobing, I let my pants fall to my ankles. I peeled the capri pants over my feet and was now standing in the classroom wearing just my white bra and navy colored boy-shorts underwear.

Due to my lack of attention during class, I was now in this situation, and unable to dispute this ongoing humiliation. With the entire class looking at me, Professor Raymond instructed me to remove my bra. I reached behind my back and unclasped my bra and let it fall to the floor, among my shirt and capri pants. Goose bumps covered every inch of my flesh as I felt my boy-pants underwear being pulled down passed my thighs and to my ankles by one of the other female students. Petrified I might have an orgasm in front of this professor and group of students, I lifted my legs to allow her to remove the only fabric I had left to cover my shame. I was now standing if front of my entire biology class, totally naked.

**Shirts vs Skins 26**

“O.k. class”, Professor Raymond instructed. “For today’s class we want to notice the texture of Sharon’s Skin. And please people, behave like the adults I know you all are. We’re looking for what is commonly known as goose bumps. These small bumps are actually erect hairs on the surface of her skin. This condition is usually caused by cold, fear or excitement. Professor Raymond handed out several magnifying glasses for the students to share, as he stepped back allowing them time to inspect my naked flesh. I was thinking how the tiny hairs on my body, were not the only parts of my anatomy that were erect. My nipples were more firm than they had ever been before. I was completely humiliated. The students surrounded me and passed the magnifying glasses around, assuring everyone was able to get the most intimate view possible of my exposed skin.

I could feel my skin burning red with embarrassment, as each and every student took their time inspecting my naked frame, some from only inches away. Others just scanned my body from several feet away. I could tell many were focused on the trimmed black pubic hair covering my pussy lips, as I stood there hoping my manicured bush was hiding my moist inner region. You can’t imagine what it’s like having both male and female students, studying your erect nipples through their magnifying glasses, while they became so hard that they hurt a little. The students would turn away and hand off their magnifying glass to another classmate and my utter humiliation would start all over again.

The awkward silence, as dozens of eyes were so close to my bare skin and bright red complexion, they could practically count my pubic hairs, was finally broken by Professor Raymond. “We appreciate you modeling for us today Sharon. We have live models, four to five times a semester, during the sophomore biology classes. We usually schedule them from outside so are fortunate you are willing to remove your clothes in public”. I knew this had something to do with my activities this week but felt powerless to do or say anything, since I denied not paying attention to Professor Raymond in front of the entire class.

My heart sank, as I saw Carol gather my clothes together. My first thought was she was going to run off with them, as I stood there naked and helpless, while the remainder of the class inspected my exposed physique. “So which one is it Sharon?” came a voice from opposite direction of Carol. I turned right to Barbara who had asked the question. In return, I asked, “Which one is it?” obviously not understanding her question, as I turned back to my left to locate Carol, hoping she had not hidden my clothes. Barbara repeated the question, “Yes Sharon. Which one is it? The cold, the fear or the excitement that has your little hairs standing at attention. The entire class knew she was not talking about my hairs. That only served to make my nipples start throbbing.

I quickly turned to Barbara and shrugged my shoulders, determined not to let my clothes out of my sight. To my relief, Carol was folding them neatly and placing them with my things, as she gave me a reassuring wink and returned to her desk. The rest of the class was silent as they stared at me, waiting for an answer but I was not going to give the satisfaction of watching me humiliate myself any further. The last two students were surveying me when Professor Raymond announced, “O.k. everyone. Let’s thank Sharon for modeling for the class and return to your seats”. He then turned to me and said, “Thank you Sharon. You may get dressed now. I think the most embarrassing part of the class was having everyone watching me get dressed.

After finally getting my shirt buttoned up, I took my seat, thinking how I had so carefully chosen this outfit because it was somewhat conservative. Everyone waited for me to sit before turning to Professor Raymond, at the front of the class. The same thought kept running through my mind over and over. I don’t understand why this keeps happening to me! And this time I was totally naked! Only feet from all the other students! I did take some solace in knowing that at least this time, Professor Raymond made sure no photos were taken. The rest of the class was focused on the skins reactions to different elements and emotions.

By now there were only three minutes left in the class, and I couldn’t wait to take the quick ride home and satisfy myself, before returning for my early afternoon schedule. Believe me. I was churning between my thighs. Totally bewildered concerning my own recent actions and possible underlying motivation, I knew one thing was certain. I have never had so many orgasms in such a few days. I waited for the other students to exit the classroom when Carol walked up to me and whispered, “Sharon. I’m repeating this class because I didn’t pass last semester. Yes, they did have one nude model last semester. But only one, and it was some guy they hired. I think Professor Raymond is trying to set you up to be naked in class more this semester. Everyone knows about your feud with Dean Wallace and ‘The Wet Panties Girl’ thing, but I think that pervert is using it to see you naked”.

I was horrified to think I had been duped into taking off my clothes in public again. The same thoughts continued to consume me. “Did I want this?” Worse yet, “Did I enjoy the humiliation?” “Was I subconsciously allowing this to happen, so I could later reach climax?” I started to make my way down the hall toward the exit when I remembered, ‘Harold!’ I promised to meet him for coffee. As much as I wanted to get home as soon as possible, and get my fingers inside my pussy, I couldn’t just stand him up. I walked to the cafeteria, thinking how to have a coffee and make my exit, so I could continue this streak of massive orgasms I was on. It was becoming an obsession.

**Shirts vs Skins 27**

On the way to the cafeteria, I heard the distant calls (mostly from male students) for me to take my clothes off, or the same immature, ‘Wet Panties Girl’ remarks, I had been hearing all morning. I mostly ignored them and continued to the cafeteria, to meet up with Harold. Making my way through the hallways, I felt somewhat vindicated, by the reassuring gestures and comments from those in support of my stance against Dean Wallace. I was swiftly turning into an adjoining hallway when I heard, “Hey Sharon! Are you going to shave your muff for the game?”

I kept walking, but actually started thinking how my dark pubic hair had become such a big part of my new-found ‘Public Aura’, thanks to my wet, transparent cotton panties. Knowing I had no plans to shave (Just trim) my bush, I again wondered how much of my recent public exposure was the result of my own subconscious desires. The twisted fantasy of having my smooth, bald pussy lips, on display for everyone to see, crept into my thoughts. I knew I had to reconcile these increasingly perverse ideas with real world reality, as I fought the urge to admit to myself, that I secretly loved the attention, and continued on my journey.

I walked down the hallway with my head facing down, when I ran into the chest of a male student. Not taking the time to look up, I said, “excuse me”, and attempted to walk around him. He stepped to the side, blocking my path, so I was forced to look up and see who it was. It was George. George was the captain of the men’s varsity basketball team. Again, I said, “Excuse me”, and tried to walk around him. He blocked me again, and said in the most demeaning tone, “Show me those tits and you can pass”.

I was so angry and insulted, that I screamed at him, as everyone in the hallway watched. “If you want to see these tits George, pay the ten dollars, and you can see them at tomorrow night’s game!” For the third time I attempted to get past him, but he blocked my way again. I can’t describe in detail what happened next, because it happened so fast. All I know is that in seconds, George was face-planted on the hallway floor, with Hillary and Angela holding him down, while several male students, I did not know provided security. He was completely immobilized as they pushed his face harder and harder against the brown tile floor.

I never knew they were even close but was thrilled, my two super-heroes, had come to my rescue. The rest of the students cheered, as several professors led George away from the scene. Hillary stared down the crowd as Angela yelled out, “Anyone else want to mess with our friend?” The majority, who were in support of me, started to cheer again, and those who meant to give me a hard time, faded into oblivion. As things settled down, Angela asked, “Where are you headed in such a hurry, Sharon?” I told her and Hillary, how I was supposed to meet Harold, from my math class, in the cafeteria.

“Harold? Harold who?”, Angela asked. Before I could speak, Hillary interrupted, “Harold? Harold ‘The Geek’ Sterling? I had classes with him last year. You’re meeting him?” I told the girls I had no time to explain but had promised to meet him for coffee. “A promise is a promise”, they both said, at the same time, and accompanied me to the cafeteria. When we reached the entrance, I turned to ask for some privacy, but Angela and Hillary had already walked away. “Wow. They are super-heroes”, I thought to myself. Super-heroes always disappear right after they ‘Save the Day’.

Harold was waiting for me at a table. He stood up and waved to me, with the most innocent, yet euphoric smile on his face. I had lost all thoughts of a quick exit and met him at the table. Harold timidly asked me, “Sharon. Can I get you a coffee or something?” “Yes Harold. A coffee would be great”. We got in line at the counter and prepared our coffee from the multitude of selections available. There was only one person between Harold and I, and the Mexican-American cashier who had recognized me earlier. I nervously waited for our time to pay. The sweet woman looked to me, as I held my index finger over my lips, indicating her, to allow Harold to pay for the coffees. Harold paid for the coffee, and we returned to the table, as she gave me a wink.

Harold was obviously nervous as we sat at the table. I was about to start a conversation, allowing him the opportunity to relax a bit, when he abruptly asked, “Have you ever been horseback riding Sharon?” I almost fell over, since I had ridden horses when I was younger, and even competed in some local horse shows near our house. I loved it! He must have misinterpreted my reaction, because he began to stutter a bit, saying. “Ah ah ah, I didn’t mean like ‘Lady Godiva’ or anything”. I laughed and replied, “I know you didn’t Harold. And yes. I love horseback riding. I rode when I was younger and miss it a great deal”. I live six miles from here, at my parent’s house, and we have horses”.

As our conversation continued, Harold learned I was studying to be a nurse, and I found out he was studying to be a veterinarian. ‘ADVISE ALERT’. “Never, Ever, Judge a Book by its Cover”. Harold was about 5’ 9” tall, and thin. He did wear glasses, but they didn’t have the white tape on the bridge, that had become so stereotypical of people who were intellectual. His hair was curly, and he always wore his shirts buttoned to the top. All I can tell you is that we sat, drank coffee and talked for over an hour. Growing up only two hours apart, we found we had many things in common.

I didn’t realize it at the time, but no one would have ever suspected I would be sitting in the cafeteria, with Harold Sterling, having coffee. I didn’t hear one rude or otherwise crass comment, about my public nudity or description of my anatomy. In some ways I had become invisible and was grateful for the moment of anonymity. It was time for both Harold and I to get to our next classes, so we went our separate ways, and I was sure I had as many questions about our new friendship as he did. The weird thing was, I started to have fantasies about being naked on a horse in public.

**Shirts vs Skins 28**

On the way to my next and final class left on my Wednesday schedule, other than study and research time, I started to wonder why the students in my biology class were so subdued. With the exception of Barbara questioning whether it was the cold, the fear or the excitement that had made the tiny hairs on my body stand erect, with the entire class knowing she was actually referring to my rock- hard nipples, the class seemed almost too calm. After all, everyone had the opportunity inspect my totally naked body with the magnifying glasses. How often does that happen? I chalked it up to ‘Good Luck’ and continued on the way to my ‘Radiology Tech’ course.

Without Harold as my cloaking device, I again had to endure the childish remarks from the occasional heckler, that were inevitably overshadowed by the encouraging words, from as many as ‘4 X’s’ the number of supporters. I walked into class and took my seat, as I had for the short time since classes were in session. Our instructor, Mr. Shields pulled down the large screen that was often used in the class. He then reviewed his notes and welcomed us to what he called ‘The Workshop’. I was relaxed and felt settled as the class began.

Fifteen minutes into the class, Mr. Shield instructed us to turn our attention to the screen, as he remained focused on his notes. The images on the screen were projected from his laptop’s photo file and were numbered, so he had no need to confirm the image he was discussing was the image that was projected to the students. Everything was in ‘Sync’, or so he thought. “Now class. You will see the results of a poorly prepared x ray on the screen. I bring this to your attention to reinforce the importance of properly positioning the subject, to acquire the desired angle and depth needed for the physician to accurately diagnose his patient’s concern.

I was looking down at my laptop when I heard the room erupt into laughter. I immediately looked up to see what had spurred this on, assuming I would see a photo of a poorly taken x ray. ‘THERE I WAS’. There on the screen was a photo of me, totally naked in my biology class, with one of the male students lowered to his knees, looking through his magnifying glass at my pussy. The angle of the photo caught every inch of my naked body and my expression of vulnerability, as I was looking toward Carol and my clothes. Even with all Professor Raymond’s efforts, someone had taken photos of my biology class exhibition and inputted them into Mr. Fields' computer. I was past the point of being totally mortified.

I gathered my things together and stormed out of the class, fighting back my tears, as I heard the echoes of laughter, and the “Oh come on Sharon! It was just a little joke!” justifications, that permeated down the hallway. Mr. Shields followed me out of the classroom, attempting to convey his innocence, involving the despicable prank. I sped up and made it to the exit before he had the chance to explain away the obvious conspiracy to continually humiliate me and force me from attending college here. I sprinted across the campus lawn to my car and sped off toward my apartment.

I skidded to a stop in the driveway and ran into my apartment, having already turned off my phone. Having lived here through my freshman year, on and off this past summer, and the short time of my sophomore year, packing my things to return home was a daunting task. I spent the afternoon packing what I could, but without the boxes necessary to load all of my belongings, I became impeded. My heart was racing, and my mind was so cluttered with the recent memories of both the ‘Crippling Humiliation’ and overwhelming ‘Sexual Titillation’, that I became anesthetized.

I was beyond rational thinking when I went to the corner grocer to ask for some boxes. I had been in this little ‘Mom and Pop’ store a hundred times since enrolling at the college. The owners were Greek, and the sweetest old couple you could possibly imagine. My eyes must have been swelled from my crying, when I entered the store to ask the old man for some boxes, because he asked, “Why so sad little lady?”. I replied, “Just a bad day is all”. He turned to the little room behind the counter and yelled, “Mamma! De girl to ‘Fix It’ is here!” Completely caught off guard, I stood there on the creaky, old wood plank floors, looking at the dusty shelves of this wonderful old store, when ‘Mamma’ (his wife) emerged from their private living quarters and smiled at me. “You’d be de one to get rid of that nasty Dean Wallace?”

Stunned and bewildered, I could only reply. “I just need some boxes”. “Boxes ‘Mamma’ Boxes!”, the old man instructed his wife. She turned to him, as usual, and snapped, “Boxes. Boxes! You go get de boxes!”, as she smiled at me and repeated, “Dear child. You’d be de one to rid us of him? You need de boxes to pack for that bad man?” I realized I had been completely unaware of the scope of Dean Wallace’s negative impact on not just the college, but the neighboring community. Still, I had one focus, and that was to pack up my things and go home.

That dear, sweet old Greek man filled my car with empty cardboard boxes, as I tried not to imply that they were incorrect, when they assumed I was the one to topple Dean Wallace from his throne, and the reign of terror, he had apparently been inflicting on the entire community for years. All I wanted to do was go home. I thanked them for the boxes and returned to my studio apartment to pack my things. I had most of my things organized in piles and was loading my pictures and assorted nick knacks. By now it was 4:00 in the afternoon and I struggled to open the door, while holding the box filled with my family photos. As I emerged from the apartment, I froze when I saw Miss Reynolds sitting on the concrete steps leading to my studio apartment. “Going somewhere Sharon?”, she asked.

**Shirts vs Skins 29**

Being surprised by the appearance of Miss Reynolds on my door step, I fumbled through my words, and said, “Hi Miss Reynolds. What are you doing here?” She replied, “I heard from Mr. Fields about what happened in your Radiology Tech class, Sharon. I wanted to make sure you were alright. Let me rephrase that. Mr. Fields wanted me to make sure you were alright. I know how angry and upset you must be Sharon, but you need to know he had nothing to do with what happened. He is truly worried about you. I responded in a quiet tone, “You can let him I’m o.k. Miss Reynolds” as I could hear my own voice start to crack a bit.

Miss Reynolds stood up, took the box of photos from my hands and placed it on the ground. She turned toward me, when I grabbed and hugged her, and began to cry again. She held me tight and allowed me time to vent as I asked her, “Why are ‘They’ doing this to me?” as I pulled back and wiped the tears from my eyes. “Sharon sit”, she replied, as we both sat on the steps together. She continued, “Sharon. I know it doesn’t feel like it now, but you are the first real threat Dean Wallace has had against his position at the college, not to mention the domineering way he continues to control people, not only at the college but around the local area. When you stared him down at the beginning of your punishment in the gym, in front of all those people, I saw the fear was in his eyes, not yours”.

I sat there quietly as she went on speaking. “Sharon. I’m not going to ask you to continue enduring humiliating circumstances, like todays Biology and Radiology Tech classes, but you do need to understand something. Those instances, while extremely embarrassing, are the stupid pranks of a few of Dean Wallace’s accomplices, and not the position held by the majority of the students and faculty”. I started remembering all the supportive comments and expressions I had received the last few days, as Miss Reynolds continued. “Bullies will always be bullies Sharon, until someone stands up to them, the way you stood up to Dean Wallace”. I remembered the many photos of me standing there, wearing just my snug white panties and sneakers, as Dean Wallace towered over me, while I stared him down, holding my little marker.

The memory of being totally naked in Biology class, yet not panicking, as everyone was staring at my bare skin, erect nipples and trimmed, dark pubic hair covered pussy, through their magnifying glasses, allowed hints of my aroused emotional state to return. The memories of my naked audacity began to overcome the humiliation of having a mostly new audience view the wall sized photo displayed in Mr. Fields class. Miss Reynolds had left me to my thoughts for a moment, then I snapped out of it and started to pay attention again. “There’s a little grocer only a half block from here Sharon. Have you ever been in there?”, she asked. I told her how I went there often and loved the little old Greek couple who owned it, not letting on that they supplied the boxes I needed to pack my things.

“Let me tell you a story. Five years ago, Dean Wallace went into that store to pick up a loaf of bread, so he didn’t have to drive across town to the conventional grocery store. He saw that the loaf of bread was a dollar more and complained to the old woman. She explained why they had to charge that price (like he didn’t understand the economics of running a tiny place like that) so he walked out, without the bread and decided to get back at them. For a Dollar! A Dollar, Sharon! Anyway, he started to sell items they would normally stock like soup, bread and other things college students would regularly buy, at the college snack shop. He brought great hardship on that sweet, old couple. It wasn’t until there was a school wide boycott organized against the snack shop, that he finally relented. He used the excuse he was just trying to bring some convenience for the sake of the students. Everyone saw right through his bullshit story but, yet he’s still here.

My heart broke as she told me the story. I realized then, what that sweet old couple meant, when they referred to me as, “The girl to fix it”. I looked to her for some clarification of how me running around the college practically naked, and today ‘Totally Naked’, could possibly help to rectify the situation. She asked me, “Sharon. Do I look Greek to you?” Miss Reynolds was extremely pretty and fit, with jet black hair and weighed about 120 pounds. I also knew from past conversations, that she was thirty-five years old. I looked at her in bewilderment, when she held my knee and said, “I’m going to visit my aunt and uncle now. Just think about what we talked about Sharon. I’ll stop back by in a little while, before I head out.

Miss Reynolds hesitated for a moment, turn toward me and said, “Sharon. The local newspaper editor and campus cable T.V. executive both play golf with Dean Wallace. That’s why he is able to get away with these things. It always gets swept under the rug. You have inspired, not just a new generation of students, but the old guard of faculty who have worked under his tyranny for years”. With that, she left her car in my driveway, and headed down the street to visit her aunt and uncle at the little corner grocer.

I stood on my step, unable to get a grip on my emotions. I opened the door to my tiny, yet very comfortable studio apartment and looked down at the packed box of photos. I turned toward my car, then back to the interior of my apartment, and picked up the box and walked back inside. Being a nursing student (although, just starting my second year) you would think I would know which side of my brain was telling me to pack and run home, and which side was funneling the memories of my recent exposure, which was getting me moist down there, again. I locked the door and ripped off my clothes, down to the little boy shorts panties I was wearing.

My heart was racing, and my pussy was totally stimulated, as I concentrated on the memories of my public exposures. I turned my phone back on then started to put my photos back where they were. I continued to unpack in just my boy shorts but felt overdressed. I went through my clothes and pulled out an old pair of panties I had rarely worn. They were low cut, like the white panties I had now been associated with but were even more snug since I bought them several years ago. I held the tiny, light gray panties with the bright red “Rolling Stones Tongue’ logo placed right over where my slit would be, and decided they were perfect. My parents loved the ‘Stones’ so when I saw them years ago, I bought them for nostalgia reasons. It was time they came out of the closet.

I quickly swapped panties and looked at myself in the mirror. They were extra snug. Much more than I would have realized. But the bright red ‘Rolling Stones Tongue Logo’ covering my inescapable camel toe, seemed perfect. I pranced around my apartment, putting my things back in their proper place, never wondering too far from the mirror, that was enabling me to evoke the titillating sensation I had felt so many times through the events of the last several days.

**Shirts vs Skins 30**

With everything I had packed for the trip home, returned to its original place, I stood in front of the mirror again. I turned around and looked over my shoulder at my reflection. Seeing my bare back melt into the waist band of the light gray cotton panties with the word ‘STONES’ written across my pert little butt cheeks, I wished I had been wearing these on Sunday, when I was discovered by Dean Wallace. I turned around and approached the mirror. I can’t believe I was doing this, but seeing every detail of my pussy lips, barely concealed by the thin fabric and ‘Red Tongue’ logo that seemed to be notifying any onlookers to focus on the gap between my thighs, was working me back into the erotic state I was in, after my first class of the day.

I decided to do a load of laundry, still wearing nothing but my nostalgic ‘Rolling Stones’ panties. After all, I had to wash the low-cut white panties I was required to wear during tomorrow night’s game, if I decided to play at all. Somewhere deep in my conscious, I was reminded of what Miss Reynolds told me about her aunt and uncle. Add that, with what I knew about the Mexican-American woman and her co-workers at the cafeteria, I felt like I had some obligation to help, but didn’t know what I could do other than run around naked in front of the entire school.

I purposely let the recollection of my several public exposures fill my mind, as I pretended not to be alone, but surrounded by onlookers who wanted to ask me about my panties. Once again, moist between my thighs, I decided to take care of the business I was going to take care of before remembering I had an obligation to meet Harold in the cafeteria. I slipped my hand beneath the cotton panties and let my fingers make their way to my clit. I stood in front of the mirror masturbating, as I allowed my imaginary spectators watch me perform this most private and intimate act. I was seconds away from climaxing when there was a knock at the door.

Completely frustrated, I wondered what I had to do, in order to sneak a private moment to bring myself to orgasm. I called out, ‘Who is it?’, as slid my fingers from my yearning mound and looked again at my reflection in the mirror. “Sharon! It’s me, Miss Reynolds! Let me in!” I loved Miss Reynolds, but her timing could not have been worse. “Give me a minute to get dressed”, I said. “Come on Sharon! I’ve seen you, dozens of times in the girl’s shower. Open the door!” I walked to the door, unlocked it. Standing behind the door and covering my breasts, I slowly opened the door enough for Miss Reynolds to slide through then quickly closed and locked it once she was inside.

Miss Reynolds took one look at me wearing just my ‘Rolling Stones’ panties and exclaimed. “Oh Sharon! I Love Those!”, as she subtlety separated my arm from my titillated breasts and erect nipples, while holding my hands as she stood back to gaze upon the ‘Red Tongue Logo’ that was plastered across my swollen camel toe. Suddenly, it was as if a light bulb appeared above her head, when her expression completely changed. “Oh Sharon. I’m so sorry”, as she took the liberty of reaching into my panties and feeling the opening of my soaking wet pussy. “You were masturbating, weren’t you honey.” I was stunned and unable to respond, as she continued. “I didn’t mean to interrupt you from having an orgasm”.

I became catatonic, as Miss Reynolds said, “Well we need to get you some relief, so you can concentrate on the news”, as she knelt down and pulled my panties past my thighs, down to my ankles and over my feet. She held the tiny billboard panties up and repeated, “I love these”. She put the panties on my dresser and started to open the drawers, asking me. “Sharon. Where to you keep your toys?” Still unable to speak, as my basketball coach was rifling through my dresser drawers, looking for any sex toys I may have stashed, I took a big gulp and pointed to the drawer that concealed my vibrator. You can’t fathom what it feels like to be stark naked in front of your basketball coach, as she seems determined to see you have an orgasm.

Miss Reynolds pulled out my vibrator, took my hand and led me to my bed, as I was hoping one of us would come to our senses. I felt like a passive child’s play toy, as she laid me on the bed, spread my legs apart and covered my eyes with her hand, saying, “Go back to where you were Sharon, before I knocked at the door”. I won’t bore you with any further details, but I can say that I erupted like Mt. Vesuvius. Having finally climaxed and emotionally exhausted, I became putty in Miss Reynolds’ hands. Allowing me a minute to savor the moment, she pulled me up from my bed and said, as she touched my sticky torso, “Let’s get you cleaned up”, and led me to my shower.

I turned the water on and stepped into the shower, as Miss Reynolds sat on the toilet seat. “Sharon. I have a copy of Eddie’s newspaper editorial here”, she said. “I must tell you, it’s a bit inflammatory concerning Dean Wallace, but there’s not a single word that is not true. You need to know the editorial will only serve to increase the Dean’s resolve to extend his years of oppression, giving him a reason for continuing his persecution of you”. I peeked passed the shower curtain to ask Miss Reynolds, “What am I supposed to do from here, Miss Reynolds?” She looked up to me and replied, “Sharon. Look deep inside yourself and determine your destiny. Do what you feel is right for the overall cause”.

I got out of the shower and dried myself off, as Miss Reynolds continued to watch me. I had lost all inhibition as I hung my towel over the towel bar and faced her. Her eyes were only feet from my naked body and freshly trimmed pussy, since I cleaned the edges of my bush with a razor during my shower. She looked up to my face but had a perfect view of my small breasts and now relaxed nipples. She said, “Now that your mind is empty of the desire to cum, among other things”, as she placed her hand on my slightly damp pussy, “I want to talk to you about Eddie’s editorial. Sharon, I say editorial, not article, because it is an editorial about the Dean’s autocracy that so often adversely effects so many associated with the college.

Miss Reynolds stood up, took my hand and led me from the bathroom. She was reading quotes from the paper, as she picked up my ‘Rolling Stones’ panties and handed them to me, never looking up from Eddie’s paper. I subconsciously followed her lead and put the extra snug panties back on. I had purchased the panties when I was seventeen and my butt cheeks and hips were more developed now, making the panties appear to have been painted on. Now completely complacent, having had my much needed orgasm and hot shower, I sat in a chair with no inclination to put any additional clothing on. I was content listening to Miss Reynolds, wearing only the skin-tight panties.

I did ask Miss Reynolds how she had acquired a copy of the paper. She responded, “There’s a stack of them on the counter at my uncle’s store. A member of Eddie’s staff had dropped them off, knowing my aunt and uncle would willingly hand them out to any customers that came into the store. They both asked about you more than once Sharon”.

**Shirts vs Skins 31**

Miss Reynolds was reading some of the more significant points from the Eddie’s editorial, as I was left feeling torn between the need to end my ongoing humiliation and bringing what had now become a battle of wills (as Eddie put it) between Dean Wallace and I, to a conclusion.

Miss Reynolds continued reading out loud:

“Dean Wallace has made an ‘Egregious Error’ in his choice of discipline for Sharon. Although it is true Sharon’s decision to play on the otherwise all male ‘Skins’ team during Sunday’s pick-up basketball game, in the off-limits college gymnasium was ill-fated, it certainly does not warrant the punishment that has been imposed”.

Miss Reynolds looked over the paper at me with a motherly expression, which seem to say, “Don’t forget how this whole thing started”. She returned her focus back to the paper and continued reading:

“The enforced sentence that was carried out in the gymnasium yesterday morning, was designed for the sole purpose of publicly humiliating Sharon and suppressing any and all of her individual spirit. This planned outcome was only averted due to the incredible courage and resolve Sharon displayed during the detestable event. This fact was proven to everyone, with the speedy exit of Dean Wallace from the gymnasium, after it became clear to all who witnessed, that the only one who possessed true character, was wearing only her panties and sneakers”.

Again, Miss Reynolds glanced over the paper, but this time she had an expression of pride when she looked at me. She returned her gaze to the paper and read the last sentences of the editorial.

“I have no doubt this will be the last publication of this paper, but I feel strongly that we must stand together with Sharon against the oppression of this administration. Keep in mind, this type of injustice could very well be directed toward any of us”.

Miss Reynolds put down the paper, sat forward and asked, “Well. What’s next for you Sharon?” Just in the few moments I was sitting there, wearing nothing but my skin tight ‘Rolling Stones’ panties, I went from feeling embarrassed and ashamed as she read Eddie’s depiction of my behavior on Sunday, to again feeling some obligation to play in tomorrow night’s game, as she finished reading the final paragraph. I would love to have one day this week, where I wasn’t torn between these emotions that change so rapidly based on my immediate surroundings, I thought to myself. Miss Reynolds looked at me again and said, “Well?”

I was contemplating the question when there was a knock at the door. I jump up and ran into the bathroom as Miss Reynolds asked, “Now you’re modest?” as she walked to the door. I was looking for something to cover myself with when I heard Miss Reynolds yell out, “You can relax Sharon! It’s just Angela!” I was a bit relieved since the wet towel I had just used to dry off with, was the only cover available in the bathroom. I cracked the door open and peeked out to be sure there was no one else with her. Seeing she was alone I scurried toward my dresser to get some clothes to put on.

Miss Reynolds grabbed my hand and spun me around, so I was facing Angela. “Angela. Aren’t these the most awesome panties you’ve ever seen?”, she asked. Angela’s eyes became glued to the ‘red tongue logo’ that so scantly covered my camel toe. I was petrified she would say something about our two experimental sexually charged rendezvous’. Unable to restrain from teasing me, as I stood in front Miss Reynolds and her practically naked, Angela replied, while never taking her focus off my pussy, “Have there been any other tongues between your thighs this week, Sharon?”

I stepped back and yelled, “Angela!” The two women chuckled as Miss Reynolds added, “Oh Sharon. We’re all girls here”. I was completely stunned from what I heard next. Miss Reynolds added, “Truth be told Angela, I helped Sharon come to climax a few moments ago”. “Miss Reynolds! Please!”, I complained, as she continued with the most ‘Matter of Fact’ demeanor. “I needed her to focus and could tell she was past the point of being aroused. She needed to have an orgasm, so I grabbed her vibrator and helped out a little”. “OMG! Miss Reynolds! Stop! Please!”

Angela had an ear to ear grin, as the two women discussed how Miss Reynolds helped bring my soaking wet pussy to orgasm, and even discussed how I squirted, as if I was not even in the room. For some reason, I never attempted to put on any clothes. I just stood there with nothing covering my shame other than the ‘little red tongue’. I was terrified Angela would use Miss Reynolds’, accurate account of the past hour, as a springboard into revealing that we had not one, but two lesbian encounters. To my great relief, she never said a word. I must have been in a daze, because Miss Reynolds held her hands on my cheeks and repeated her earlier question, “Sharon. What’s next for you?”

Rewinding in my mind, the casual attitude Miss Reynolds displayed, while describing how she had made me cum, to Angela, I was still unable to answer her question. I guess they became impatient because the two women seemed to have decided my fate for me. They sat me on the bed and Miss Reynold put my ankle socks and sneakers on me, as if I was a three-year-old. Angela picked out one of my summer dresses, pulled it over my head, and slipped my arms through the sleeveless openings, with the notable absence of my bra. They stood me up, looked at each other and said in unison, “Let’s get to practice” and led me from my apartment out to Miss Reynolds car.

**Shirts vs Skins 32**

The ride to the college passed in what seemed like seconds, but that was all the time needed for the cold air from Miss Reynolds’ air conditioning vents to stimulate my bra-less nipples through my thin cotton dress. We pulled into Miss Reynolds parking space, then she and Angela got out of the car. I waited a moment, hoping the noticeable points, protruding through the thin fabric of my dress would relax enough to keep from attracting anyone’s attention. I reluctantly exited the car with my erect nipples making me feel so unprotected, I hid behind Angela and Miss Reynolds as we walked into the college.

After entering the building, I immediately felt the cool breeze of the facility air conditioning vents blowing on my defenseless chest, which stiffened my nipples that much more. By now it was after 6:00 and the only classes in session were a few evening courses. We made our way down the hallway toward the gymnasium and had to pass the cafeteria on the way. Still unable to rationalize in my own mind why my nipples would not relax, I heard a voice call from the cafeteria. “Hey Sharon! Angela! Miss Reynolds! In here!” The women turned into the cafeteria and I followed like a lost puppy.

It was Eddie. With the most exuberant expression on his face, he asked, “Did you guys see the paper?” Angela was the first to speak, as she said, “Eddie. It was awesome. Now I don’t have to beat you into the ground buddy”. There were about a dozen people in the cafeteria, most having their evening coffee to help sustain them for evening studies. Miss Reynolds replied, “Eddie. You are probably right about not running the paper in the future, but it took a great deal of courage to report the truth. I’m proud of you”. Eddie turned to me, and his eyes immediately turned toward my firm titties, protruding through the wafer-thin material of my dress.

Before I could react, Angela and Miss Reynolds both subtly grabbed each of my hands, preventing me from covering my obvious excitement. Barely able to shift his focal-point from my tits to my face, Eddie asked, “Have you seen the paper Sharon?” I meekly replied, “Yes Eddie. Miss Reynolds showed it to me. Desperately trying to appear casual, yet unable to conceal my titillation, I felt naked and on display. Before I knew what was happening, most of the people in the cafeteria had made their way over to us. Angela and Miss Reynolds continued to subtlety restrain me from covering my evident arousal, as I was now facing this small group of students, filled with questions about my recent exploits.

Out of this group of male and female students, one shy freshman girl came forward and said, “Sharon. I can’t stand the injustice of Dean Wallace’s repression of the students here at the college. I want you to know that I can’t even wear a two-piece bathing suit, but I felt liberated when I saw how you challenged him, wearing nothing but your panties”, as she showed me a photo of me, during my Tuesday punishment in the gymnasium. I knew almost everyone at the college had pictures or videos of me from that day but seeing myself in such a state of exposure on this shy girl’s phone, as she continued to commend the audacity I exemplified, was regenerating my spirit of opposition to Dean Wallace’s oppression.

Miss Reynolds saw an opportunity, then stepped forward and said, “Hey guys. As you all know, Sharon is our star point guard on the team. We really want to win tomorrow night. I’m afraid she will be distracted by her lack of uniform in front of so many spectators. Will you do the team a favor?” Having no idea where this was heading, I just looked at her in bewilderment. The small group of people nodded in agreement without even hearing what she was proposing. “Sharon needs to be focused on her game. She needs to be unconstrained by her lack of clothing and remain focused on her game”. All eyes were on her as we waited to hear her what she was really trying to say.

Before I knew what was happening, Miss Reynolds stood before me and said, “Trust me Sharon”. She reached down and pulled the bottom of my dress up to my boobs. Angela still held one of my hands, as the look in Miss Reynolds’ eyes, seem to hold down the other. I melted like butter as she pulled my thin cotton dress over my head. She looked at me, then at Angela and said, “Angela. Have her in the gym in a half an hour”, as she walked out of the cafeteria with my dress in her hand, while I stood there wearing nothing but my ‘Rolling Stones’ panties and my sneakers.

I looked to Angela for some emotional support, or at least an explanation of how I once again ended up practically naked in public. She simply said, “I’ll get us some ice coffees”, and walked to the counter, leaving me on my own, and totally exposed in front of a dozen people. I was fearing the worst when Eddie spoke up and said, “Have you guys seen the school paper?”, as he handed out copies to all that were present. The shy freshman girl who had spoken up earlier, approached me and said, “Sharon. Would you mind having a picture taken with me? My parents are big Rolling Stones fans and would love it”. Someone! Please tell me how you respond to that?

Eddie took the girl’s phone, as she stood next to me and put her arm around my bare waist. I tried to ignore the libido that was churning through every fiber of my being, as Eddie took the picture. The constant snap of everyone else’s camera-phones taking photos of me wearing almost nothing, seemed to stimulate me more than embarrass me. Before I knew it, I was posing with many of the other students, and having open conversation about the ‘Rolling Stones’ panties that were the only cover I had. Somewhere deep inside, I was happy they were so snug. Angela stood back holding our ice coffees, keeping her eye on me but letting me have my fun.

‘SNAP. SNAP. SNAP’. Of the camera phones, was all I could hear, as I pulled up my ultra-snug panties, accentuating my camel-toe. I spent the next twenty minutes talking with everyone, posing and all around exposing myself to this group of students, happy Miss Reynolds took my dress with her.

**Shirts vs Skins 33**

On and off during my current public exhibition, Eddie would subtly remind us why we were here, and why I was wearing only my panties in the first place. He would verbally educate us on the issue of the continuing power abuse, orchestrated by Dean Wallace. It was during these moments that I felt most comfortable. I made it a point not to cross my legs while sitting in a cafeteria chair, as we all discussed the topic of the present administration’s totalitarianism. Don’t get me wrong. I didn’t spread my legs wide open and ask those surrounding me if they would like a close-up view of the ‘Red Tongue Logo’ that was covering my pussy, yet somehow, when the discussion turned more serious, I knew I was almost naked, but felt impetuous and freely joined the dialogue.

Having such a verbal exchange with a dozen people, wearing only my panties and sneakers, while they were all fully clothed, made me realize Miss Reynolds was right. ‘I Could Trust Her’. I was involved in a serious discussion about the ‘Abuse of Power’, while in the very public college cafeteria, pretty much naked, yet somehow feeling empowered. Angela walked up and handed me my ice coffee, then said, “Sharon. We have to go to practice now”. I took the coffee, gave a humble acknowledgment to those around me, and headed for the cafeteria exit door with Angela.

Exiting the cafeteria, and now in the college hallway, immediately reminded me of how exposed I was. The gymnasium was on the other side of the school. I could hear the clicking of the ice in my coffee, as my hand began to tremble, and my nipples returned to their erect state. I was walking a gauntlet through most of the college, wearing nothing but these conspicuous panties and my sneakers. Angela tried to make small talk, in an effort to help me feel less vulnerable, but it was no use. We weren’t twenty feet from the cafeteria when an evening class let out. There I was, suddenly surrounded by both college students and local adults, who had been taking an evening course in ‘Psychology’ of course.

I think the class was more traumatized than I was. I could see how befuddled they became, by the expressions on their faces. Tongue-tied, they all just stared at me. The class professor, Miss Green, was so sheltered from reality, due to her immersion into Sigmund Freud and his contemporaries, that she was barely able to speak. I had taken one of her courses in my freshman year, so I had a good idea of how nuts the old red headed woman really was. She made her way through the members of the class and stood in front of me. The ice in my coffee could now be mistaken for a baby’s rattle, as I was barely able to keep the coffee from spilling, while I trembled in front of this new group of spectators.

Angela took my ice coffee and said, “Sorry folks but we need to get to basketball practice”. Miss Green grabbed my hand as we tried to continue, on our journey. It was obvious that she was engrossed with the ‘red tongue logo’ covering my pussy. She finally spoke. Barely able to pry her eyes from my crotch, she looked at me and said, “Sharon. Is displaying that tongue on your vagina, your way of announcing to everyone that you enjoy oral sex?” I was stunned! I mean, really stunned! With all the eyes of the psychology class on me, waiting for my answer, I responded, “No Miss Green! It’s a ‘Logo’. A logo for a rock and roll band, and nothing else! You’ve heard of the Rolling stones! Haven’t you?”

Again, she seemed oblivious to reality, and my explanation. She simply turned to her students and said, “Class! As you can see, Sharon has taken a page from Freud’s psychosexual theory, and has subconsciously decided to reveal her desire to be the recipient of cunnilingus. (Oral sex) Angela put down my coffee, grabbed my hand and said, “We’re are so out of here”, as she attempted to drag me down the hallway. Miss Green held tight to my other hand as she asked her class, “What do you think class? Should we invite Sharon to speak on the subject of ‘Hidden Desires?” They all shook their heads in agreement, still focused on the ‘Red Tongue Logo’ that remained the only covering I had to conceal my indignity.

One of the adult class, female ‘forty plus year-old’ students said, “Young lady. I love your playful panties, but I must ask, are you displaying some secret fantasy of having oral sex perpetrated on you, or is this just a need to expose yourself in public?” Before I could respond, the questions hit me from every side. I finally snapped and said. “PEOPLE! THERE IS NO HIDDEN MEANING HERE! THE ‘TONGUE’ IS A LOGO FOR A ‘ROCK AND ROLL BAND’! GOOGLE IT!”

Angela handed me my coffee, then pulled me down the hallway, as the students from the psychology class, along with crazy old Miss Green, followed. I turned to look over my shoulder, when I saw that many of those from our cafeteria discussion, including Eddie, were also in tow. I felt like the ‘Pied Piper of Hamelin’ as I was being pursued by more than twenty clothed people. For whatever reason, knowing the word ‘Stones’ was plastered across my pert little butt cheeks made me feel emancipated. Angela set the pace for our trek to the gymnasium. Being so distracted by the psychology class ‘crazies’, I had again forgotten I was practically naked. We continued our march to the gym when ‘of all people’, Dean Wallace rounded the corner.

In all most every similar circumstance, I would have frozen in shame, but Dean Wallace had a way of making my blood boil and my spine stiffen. He stopped in his tracks and looked over his glasses at me as I stood firm. “Sharon! Do we need to get you a ‘Nudist Certificate’ from the state?” he shouted. ‘No Dean. If you must know, Miss Reynolds took my dress and headed for the gymnasium! Now. We have to get there too!” I rounded the corner and fell against the cool surface of the wall, looking to Angela for emotional support. Before either of us could utter a word to each other, we both heard Dean Wallace say to Miss Green, “I think you should perform a ‘Psychological Evaluation’ on that girl”.

To my great relief, Miss Green responded, “From what I have heard Dean, I think I’d rather have you evaluated”. All we could hear was the clacking of his shoes, storming down the hallway. With a sigh of relief, we continued on our way to the gym for basketball practice.

**Shirts vs Skins 34**

Miss Green made her way up to Angela and I and began speaking. “Sharon. It is Sharon, right?” I nodded my head, as we continued on our way. Miss Green had no problem keeping up with us for and older women. Angela and I were impressed. She then continued, “Sharon. Some of Freud’s psychosexual theories along with his findings on the subjects of shame and fear may help us understand your underlying desire to openly expose yourself and publicize your appetite for cunnilingus”. “Miss Green!”, I snapped. “I do not have a desire to be publicly exposed! And although I do enjoy oral sex, these panties are not a public announcement of that fact! It’s the Rolling Stones Logo!” I froze as I realized the group from the cafeteria and the psychology students were hanging on every word and were now staring at me as if I were some kind of a freak.

The look of astonishment on Angela’s face, had me feeling awkward and vulnerable. She grabbed my hand and we started to move faster down the hall. To our amazement, Miss Green kept up the pace. “Don’t get me wrong Sharon. Some lack of modesty can be emotionally healthy”, she casually responded. “So, I was wondering if you may have some free time to sit in on one of my classes, tomorrow?” Still barely half way to the gymnasium, Angela stopped and turned toward Miss Green and said, “Miss Green. Sharon would be happy to sit in on one of your classes, tomorrow, but she will insist on being naked during the class”. My jaw hit the floor as I stared at Angela in horror. “She will report to your class at 8:00 a.m. to decide on which class time fits into her schedule”, she continued. “Now we really need to get to basketball practice. So, if you’ll excuse us”.

Again, Angela grabbed my hand and led me down the hallway. I sternly whispered to her, “Angela! What do you think you are doing?” With everyone but Miss Green still in tow, she replied, “Don’t worry Sharon. Let’s take an inventory of your public exposure escapades this week”. One. Sunday’s shirts vs. skins game. The event that started it all. Two. Our first basketball practice. That event was followed by you streaking across the campus lawn wearing nothing but a yellow eye-patch you called a thong”. As I tried to argue that she was the one who talked me into doing that, she ignored me and continued her count down. Third. Your ever-popular public shaming in the gymnasium in front of most of the student body and many of the college’s instructors and professors. That phenomenon was where you displayed the incredible courage that rocketed you to the status of college Icon”.

My heart was beating a mile a minute as Angela so eloquently recalled the otherwise insane occurrences, that had become all-consuming during my third week of my sophomore year at school. “Let’s recount today’s activities, shall we?”, she went on. I became tongue-tied as we slowed our pace and those who were following us were now surrounding us. Some were even walking backwards in front of us, as Angela revealed my all but naked itinerary. To add insult to injury, there were several people crossing our path, that were all to happy to take photos of us (me) as they smiled and continued on their way. I fought to keep my hands from covering myself as my nipples were once again, rock hard.

“Posing nude in biology class, in front of a group of students holding magnifying glasses, photos of which are now in public domain with the hundreds taken in the gym on Tuesday, is not the way I usually start my day. How about you people?” she asked the crowd. They all shook their heads, never taking their eyes off my exposed anatomy. By now we were at a stand-still in the middle of the public hallway of the college. Angela, along with everyone else, looked at me, as she said, “And look at you now”. I was feeling betrayed when she added, “Sharon! You had made an egregious mistake, yet you forged it into the public ‘Battle of Wills’ with that oppressing Dean Wallace, all while uniting most of this small college to the cause of personal liberty”. Those around us started clapping, as Angela winked at me. Still unsure how to feel or act, I stood there practically immobile.

“Now let’s get to practice” she said, while taking my hand again and leading us toward the gymnasium doors. We entered the gym when one of the girls called out, “Sharon! Heads up!”, as she passed me a ball. Having the need for some semblance of normality, I grabbed the ball, dribbled to the three-point line and shot. ‘SWISH’ was the only sound I heard, above the thundering echoes of the balls bouncing off the smooth wood floor around me. Miss Reynolds blew her whistle and we all immediately gathered around her. “We’re going to scrimmage girls”, she said, as she handed out the blue pennies (colored pull-overs used to distinguish one team from another, when official uniforms are not worn) to five of the girls, Although I would have given anything for one of them to cover my breasts, I resolved myself to the fact that I was going to be practicing wearing only my ultra-snug ‘Rolling Stones’ panties and sneakers. At this point, I guess it really didn’t matter, I tried to convince myself.

Unlike Monday’s practice, that was closed to team members only, tonight’s practice seemed to be open, since those who followed us to the gym, were allowed to take their seats on the bleachers and watch. I also noticed the doors leading to the hallway were left propped open. Instinctively I knew this was Miss Reynolds way of preparing me for tomorrow night’s game, along with the removal of my dress in the cafeteria. She was making sure I was going to be able to maintain my focus, while playing in just my panties in front of the entire school. The two scrimmage teams made our way to center court, after ten minutes of drills.

Miss Reynolds blew her whistle, Angela leaped for the jump ball and the game was under way. Intensely competitive when it came to basketball, I had all but forgotten I was practically naked as the game went into it’s tenth minute. Even during changes of possession and time outs, I managed to keep my focus and concentrate on both my individual and team play. I felt I was playing well and that would be confirmed by Miss Reynolds and some team mates at the intermission. With my naked torso dripping with sweat, I could feel some drops falling from the ends of my nipples. This was a reminder of my exposure but somehow, I wasn’t bothered by it. Whether that would be the case when we were playing in front of hundreds of spectators, tomorrow night, was a different story. At least two dozen additional people had filtered into the gymnasium while we were playing. “Focus Sharon, Focus” I kept reminding myself and decided to use the time as intended. I was playing my best game and was able to block out the presence of the clothed onlookers.

**Shirts vs Skins 35**

Our practice continued until 8:00 p.m. Miss Reynolds gathered us around her for one last round of instructions. Now that we were no longer playing, I started to feel the peering eyes of the many people who remained in the gymnasium, as my sweat soaked panties felt smaller and tighter than ever. I leaned into Miss Reynolds and quietly asked where she put my dress. The look on her face said it all. She was going to return my dress when she felt the time was right. It was only seconds after being dismissed from the team assembly, that the comments and questions concerning the red tongue plastered across my pussy, ensued.

Adjectives like ‘Festive’, ‘Colorful’ and even ‘Epic’ were used in the description of the one tiny piece of fabric, I had to cover my otherwise naked body. To make matters worse, now that we were done practicing, the cool air from the gymnasium air conditioning vents was bringing my nipples to full attention. This unwanted physical state did not go un-noticed. How do you act natural when so many clothed people are asking you questions, stating their opinions, all the while taking photos of you from their cell-phones. Letting on how humiliated I was feeling or attempting to exit the gymnasium would only have brought additional unwanted attention to my plight. Smiling for their cameras and doing my best to satisfy their curiosity was my best defense.

With everyone mingling in one corner of the gym, Angela decided to announce that I was going to have a psychological evaluation, while naked, in Miss Green’s class the following day. I instantly refuted Angela’s account of the events, and strenuously explained how I had never agreed to meet with Miss Green’s class. Naked or not. “Why not Sharon?”, came the voice of Miss Reynolds. “It can’t hurt to spend a little time in public with little or no clothing, on the day of the big game. You should do it!” Angela just grinned, as the remaining students from the evening class clamored to let me know which time slot to agree on. They were hoping to be present for my next public humiliation. Miss Reynolds said it was all in the name of ‘Sound Application’, designed to mentally and emotionally prepare me for Thursday night’s game.

Completely disoriented by my surroundings and the pressure to appear in Miss Green’s psychology class, I made my way over to Eddie, who was sitting alone on the bleachers, without giving an answer concerning a naked psychological evaluation. Eddie had largely remained in the wings during my most recent exhibition. From the removal of my dress in the cafeteria, right up until now, he had been constantly focused on his laptop and whatever project he was working on. I stood in front of him and said, “Hey Eddie. What cha doing?” He looked up but was unable to turn his gaze from my breasts. I pretended not to notice, allowing him full visual access of my bare breasts, erect nipples and ‘Rolling Stones Tongue’ covered camel toe.

“So. You like the stones, huh?”, turning is focus from my bare breasts to my pussy. Definitely not the response I anticipated but I was grateful I didn’t have to explain the tiny piece of art that was scantly covering my mound. I replied, “Well, my parents are the real fans, I just liked the panties. “I’ve seen them twice”, he said, as he pried his eyes from my crotch and returned his focus to his laptop. Not sure if I should ask him what he was working on again, I kept my body available should he chose to have another look and waited for a response. “I’m preparing a follow-up article, emphasizing the lack of oversight from the school board on Wallace’s performance as Dean of Students”, he finally replied, without looking up.

“I have little doubt some have exploited your situation this week”, Eddie continued, “but it is Dean Wallace’s unreasonable position that has prolonged your predicament. The absence of any administrative supervision is the route-cause of his ongoing hubris, and I intend to bring that fact to the surface”. Eddie’s little speech left me forgetting I was practically naked and helped return my attention back to the matter at hand. He was right. I knew deep down that I allowed, if not perpetrated some of my recent public exposure adventures, but Eddie was right. Dean Wallace’s misuse of power was the reason any of this was happening in the first place.

Before I knew what was happening, Eddie aimed his phone at me a took a picture. He captured every sweaty inch of my exposed physique. I was so taken off guard that I covered my tits with my hands and complained, “Eddie!” He had a shy grin on his face when he said, “Oh come on Sharon. I’m behind your crusade 100%, but I’m still a guy. Besides why should I be the only one on campus without a souvenir from this ‘Most Unusual’ week?” I placed my hands on my hips, allowing him another unobstructed view, while pretending to oppose his new-found attentiveness toward my nearly naked body. Eddie took several more photos as I protested, yet I remained on full display for his camera, feeling more and more aroused.

I was completely moist between my thighs, as our friendly banter was amusing the dozens of people standing only a few yards away. Miss Reynolds called out, “Sharon! We’ll meet you in the cafeteria for coffee. Would you mind collecting the basketballs and putting them away in the equipment closet for me? I’ll return your dress when you meet us there!”. With that, she and the girls from the team walked out the gymnasium doors, leaving me there with Eddie and the remainder of the group wearing just my panties and sneakers. She even put the blue pennies in her bag and took them with her, making sure the ‘Sound Application’ she had championed earlier, would continue.

**Shirts vs Skins 36**

My heart pounded while I took stock of my situation. I tried to casually familiarize myself with my surroundings as I attempted to plan a hasty exit. During the few seconds that these thoughts went through my mind, I heard the voice of one on the female psychology students exclaim, “Sharon! You have a wet spot on your panties!” Every eye in the gymnasium zoomed in on the wet spot that appeared to be dripping from the end of the Rolling Stones tongue, perfectly placed between my pussy lips. Others shook their heads in agreement, as they ogled my wet panties. I could not have been more mortified, as I realized the stimulation I was feeling while posing for Eddie, was now in full view of everyone present.

I turned away from their leering eyes and scurried around the gymnasium, collecting the basketballs while shouting, “It’s Sweat People! That’s all! Sweat! You all saw me playing! It’s Only Sweat!” I gathered four of the balls and returned them to the equipment closet. My heart continued to pound like a bass drum, as I felt my nipples becoming so erect that they were becoming sore again, and the wet spot between my legs started to spread. “OMG! What now?”, I thought to myself, as I procrastinated and remained in the closet, hoping the group would leave before my titillation became even more public.

The minute that went by, seemed like an hour, yet I could still hear the murmurs of the group from the gymnasium. I was left with no choice. I had to go out there and get the remaining two basketballs, before heading to the cafeteria to reclaim my dress from Miss Reynolds. I took a deep breath and headed out to retrieve the balls. All eyes were on me as I proceeded to retrieve the balls. I picked them up and held them against my breasts, concealing my sexual excitement, or so I thought. Twenty feet from the equipment closet, I was stopped by the same girl who had exposed my wet spot to the entire group earlier. I held the balls close to my chest as she said, “Sharon. You’re still sweating”, bringing the attention of everyone, back to my scantily clad, soaked pussy.

Immediately, I walked around the girl, who felt the need to be the town crier, and the other gawking spectators, on my way to return the basketballs to the equipment closet. I was thankful my state of arousal has subsided a bit, but I was still wearing only these panties with an obvious wet spot and my sneakers. Again, I took a deep breath and walked past those in the gymnasium, then through the door to the hallway and started on my way back to the cafeteria. As expected, everyone followed me. I was so paranoid that my wet spot would be the topic of conversation when I entered the cafeteria, I ducked into a single stall restroom and locked the door behind me.

I can’t believe I did this, but I felt like I had no choice. I pulled my panties off, and hand washed them in the sink. I rung them out as best I could, but the reality was, I was pulling up wet, snug panties over my pert butt cheeks and pussy. They may have been wet, but the moisture stain of my stimulation would not be on display for those in the cafeteria. Thankfully, unlike my thin white cotton panties, these don’t put my personal grooming on display. I was now between a rock and a hard place. The group following me knew about the moisture between my pussy lips, but I needed to keep that fact from becoming public knowledge. How do I explain to everyone why my panties were wet? I can’t tell them I washed the panties in a college rest room sink, hoping to disguise the evidence of my unexpected, yet total arousal. What next?

I re-entered the hallway, hoping the group had dispersed. No such luck. I walked passed the onlookers and headed down the hallway, en route to the cafeteria. Once again, the girl who pointed out my wet spot, who’s name I didn’t know, said, “Sharon! How come the rest of your panties are wet now?” Completely frustrated with her total lack of social skills, I turned and replied, “Listen! I don’t know who you are, or why you’re trying to humiliate me, but this is hard enough without you pointing out every little detail of the one tiny piece of clothing I have on right now! I just want to make it back to the cafeteria and get my dress! To make matters worse, that’s all the way on the other side of the school! So please! Just let me be on my way!”

I could tell immediately that my assumption was correct. Some people with the highest of I.Q.’s, often lack the most basic forms of etiquette. The expression on her face revealed that she ‘Did Not’ possess the slightest bit of social skills. It was not her intention to humiliate me, she just didn’t know any better. I felt awful as her facial expression turned from one of bewilderment to sadness. I immediately apologized and asked her name. She quietly replied, “Stacy”. I walked up and held her hands, which were now trembling slightly. I gave her a sincere smile and said, “Stacy. I am very sorry for snapping at you like that. I know it’s no excuse, but not having anything to wear but these panties is putting me a bit on edge”.

The sweet girl looked at me and replied, “Sharon. I have only recently found out why you have no clothes on. I…. I mean, we, (as she turned to her class mates) all feel a great deal of respect for you and the cause you are doing all of this for. Such courage is rarely found these days. That’s why we want to have you visit our class tomorrow. And besides, if you’re going to be practically nude in public, it helps to have an awesome body, and “You” have and awesome body!” She turned to her classmates again and said, “Doesn’t Sharon have a great body, guys?” Both the guys and girls all nodded in agreement as Stacy handed her phone to a friend and asker her to take a photo of us. She stood beside me and put her arm around my bare waist as said, “Smile Sharon”.

The click of her camera phone was followed by dozens more, as everyone took the opportunity to have their own souvenirs of my latest, almost naked adventure. I had no choice but to be gracious, so I allowed them to continue taking photos as I posed with most everyone there. When I felt Stacy was no longer feeling hurt, I took her hand and said, “Stacy. I need to get back to the cafeteria to meet Miss Reynolds and the team”. She asked, “Can we go with you?” I just smiled and replied, “Sure. Why not?” and we all headed in the direction of the cafeteria.

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As we walked toward the cafeteria, we occasionally ran into other students, faculty members and cleaning service employees that were still at the college. It felt so surreal walking through the hallways with the group, while in this state of dress. Oddly enough, I some-how started to feel completely relaxed. Maybe it was knowing everyone knew who I was by now, and most likely had some photos or videos of me on their phones, or at least had access to them. It may have been the continuous favorable comments I was receiving about my petite body. Either way, Miss Reynolds idea of ‘Sound Application’ appeared to be working. I was really starting to feel comfortable in my own skin. No pun intended. This reality could not be understated, since I was stopped several times by those remaining in the college, and asked questions about my present lack of clothing, even though the game wasn’t until tomorrow night.

I started to feel at ease explaining how Miss Reynolds felt the continuous exposure would help me to maintain my focus on my play, and not the crowd. Playing in just my panties, while in front of so many clothed spectators would be intimidating, and she wanted me prepared. I would continue to clarify how it would be necessary, if we hoped to beat the boy’s team. I started to enjoy answering their questions while the snapping of camera phones never seemed to diminish. I must admit, my favorite part was when the conversation would ultimately turn to the ‘Rolling Stones’ tongue that was now like shrink wrap across my pussy lips. Having people so close, as their eyes and the discussion would turn to my obvious camel toe, was heightening my excitement. My nipples were now in a permanent state of arousal, and I would catch people staring directly at them while talking to me.

The long walk through the college to the cafeteria, allowed Stacy and the others time to attempt to convince me to participate in a class tomorrow, while being completely naked. The more people would grin and snap my photo as they walked by, or stop me for questions, the more I considered it. After all, I was practically naked now and was beginning to relish the experience. We were now only a few doors away from the cafeteria and any thought of grabbing my dress from Miss Reynolds and hastily putting it on, had escaped me. I almost forgot I had to retrieve it at all. We rounded the corner and entered the cafeteria when I started to rethink my need for the dress.

There in the cafeteria, along with Miss Reynolds, my team mates, a dozen or so others who were just in the cafeteria for their evening coffee, were Coach Hansen, Sam and the rest of the men’s junior varsity basketball team. Immediately Stacy and another girl from her psychology class held my hands and kept them by my sides. I don’t know if it was for emotional support, or to the keep me exposed to the glaring stares of all those present. Miss Reynolds was so nonchalant as she turned to me and said, “Oh. Hi Sharon. Coach Hansen and I are just working out the details for tomorrow night’s game. Grab a coffee and join us”. The men’s team members started up with the picture taking, as I stood there totally humiliated, wishing I could just melt way into oblivion.

The cameras continued snapping away when both Coach Hansen and Miss Reynolds simultaneously yelled, “O.k. That’s enough!” The phones may have stopped but the ogling felt like it went on forever. Sam walked up to me, turned around and said’ “Come on guys! Give her a break”, then turned back to me and said, “Don’t worry about them. Let’s get a coffee.” Angela joined us as she gave the guys the most threatening look imaginable. Miss Reynolds and Coach Hansen remained focused on the scheduling and rules for tomorrow’s exhibition game. I was overwhelmed and unable to utter a sound, as I slowly made my way passed the gawking eyes of the men’s junior varsity team players. I could hear their whispers about my panties as I headed toward Miss Reynolds, in search of both my dress and some much-needed dignity.

Stacy and her classmates went to the counter for coffee as I made it to Miss Reynolds’ side. I was just standing there on total display, desperately waiting for her to acknowledge my presence. Finally, I cleared my throat and she looked up at me. “Oh Sharon! I’m sorry. Your dress”, she said. I just nodded, waiting for her to hand it over. “Angela! Will you run out to my car and get my sports bag? I think I put Sharon’s dress in there with the pennies”, she asked. “Think? Think? I’m standing here in front of dozens of people, worst of all the guy’s entire junior varsity basketball team, wearing only my Rolling Stones panties and sneakers, and she ‘Thinks’ my dress is in her car?” I thought to myself. Several of my team mates walked over and led me back to the table they were sitting at, as Miss Reynolds returned to her discussion with Coach Hansen.

Sam went back to join his team, I sat with the girls and Angela went to get Miss Reynolds’ sports bag from her car. I leaned forward enough to keep my bare back from touching the back of the chair, in fear the cold plastic might shock me back to my aroused state. It was bad enough that my wet panties were squeaking against plastic seat of the chair. Sarah, being naïve as she is, started the conversation. Sitting across the table from me, she said, “Look at the bright side Sharon. Now that the boy’s team has seen you almost naked, you don’t have to feel self-conscious any more”. The other girls just rolled their eyes, as I replied in a stern whisper, “Sarah! Having the guys see with barely any clothes on for a few minutes doesn’t mean I’m comfortable walking around like this in front of them!” Her response was priceless. “Well at least tomorrow you’ll be running around in front of them like that, not walking”. How can you argue with that logic. The other girls just snickered, as I wondered what was taking Angela so long.

Marybeth, one of our second-string guards, whispered in my ear, “Sharon. Sarah may be a bit dense, but in her own way she does have a point. You need to walk with me up to the counter, and we’ll get a couple of waters. Oh, and try not to cover up. Remember, you can’t play basketball with your hands covering your tits”. I kept scanning the room for Angela, but Marybeth was not going to let me keep stalling nor was she taking ‘No’ for an answer. She stood up and said, “Come on girl. Let’s go”. I summoned what little courage I had left and stood up. She gave me a wink as I fought back the incredible urge to cover my breasts. I let out a sigh and said, “O.k. Let’s go”, as I followed her passed the guys tables and up to the counter. My one reprieve was that although they all took in every inch of my bare skin as we walked by, they seemed too mesmerized by my almost naked body to take the time to ridicule me.

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Marybeth and I made our way to the counter, then each grabbed a bottled water. Realizing I had no way to pay for mine, I looked to her for assurance. She grinned and said, “Sharon. Do you have any money in those delightfully decorated panties?”, as she stared at the ‘Rolling Stones’ tongue that barely covered my camel toe. Her questioning of my lack of funds was announced loud enough for others to hear, but without purposely shouting out to everyone, that I had no money tucked away in my wet, snug panties, to pay for my water. I don’t know which was more embarrassing. Standing there almost naked? Or not having any money to pay for my water. I could feel the stares of those around us when she handed me her water. Completely unaware of her intentions, I had naively fallen into her trap.

I was standing there with a bottle of water in each hand, while every inch of my bare skin, other than my pert little ass, my now moist and aroused pussy, and my sneaker covered feet, were on display for all who wanted to see. She slipped two fingers into the waistband of my panties and pulled them out and down, so she and all present could see the trimmed black pubic hair that covered my pussy. The snaps of camera phones started again, as Marybeth held what little cover I had, far enough away, that my pussy was now being photographed and shared on the internet. I was so dumbfounded by the event, that it took me several moments to regain my composure, put down the water bottles, and regain possession of the tiny shred of fabric that covered my shame.

Just like the rest of my week was going at school, it was too little too late. Along with the nude photos of me from my biology class, these pubic shots were being shared and posted at an alarming rate. I was surrounded by amateur photographers, as they showed me the photos, they had taken of me and my exposed pussy, then happily continued to share them on the internet. I wouldn’t say is was an all-out ruckus, but the cafeteria did seem to come alive with the yearnings of those encircling me, hoping to get the right angle for their photos, or at least some verbal explanation from me, as to the reason for my ongoing public exposure.

I was unable to comply from a verbal aspect, since my utter humiliation had again taken hold of me. I just stood there, holding on to the last vestige of my dignity and the red tongue panties, as the camera phones continued to flash away. Their ongoing questions had to be answered by a subtle nod, or at least an understanding of the messages, I was only able to portray with my eyes, since I was barely able to speak. “Since everyone has totally nude photos of you now Sharon, will you be playing naked tomorrow night?”, came a question from one of the girls in the cafeteria. Another asked, “Do you think you might shave your pubic hair, so we can have photos of your bald pussy lips?” I was completely catatonic, as I stood there gripping on to the waistband of my panties, unaware I was accentuating my camel toe for all to see and photograph.

The guys from the men’s team had carefully taken their photos of my fully expose body, without Coach Hansen noticing. We were going to play against them tomorrow night, but knowing they had the opportunity to continually view my naked body, just by pressing the screen on their phones, was becoming more and more daunting. I was completely numb to my surroundings, standing in the cafeteria, while all eyes were on me. With all of this added pressure to my situation, the only thing that went through my mind at the time was, “What were the guys on the basketball team (our opponents) going to think about, as they examined my naked form on their cell phones and tablets?”

I felt things were starting to spiral out of control as I had become oblivious to the continuous snapping of the camera phones that were encompassing me, while I surveyed the cafeteria for any item that might provide me with some cover. I kept wondering what was keeping Angela, as I looked to Miss Reynolds and my team mates for some assistance. I would have been happy with even a small distraction from my unwanted yet ongoing almost nude photo session. Marybeth had finally paid for our waters and said in a soft tone, as she handed me my water, “Let go of those panties Sharon. You can’t play against them (as she turned toward the guys on the team, then back to me) while you have a death grip on that waistband. Sorry about exposing your pussy. I just couldn’t help myself”. She walked back to our table, making sure to pass by the guy’s team, as I followed like a lost puppy dog.

It was a difficult struggle to keep my one free hand from covering some area of my exposed body. Should I cover a single breast? The thin wet fabric that was barely covering my camel toe? What do you cover under such circumstances? With my water in one hand, I could barely cover one breast anyway, so I decided to remain on display. Marybeth stopped several times to chat with some of the guys from the boy’s team, leaving me available to the stares of those who wanted a close-up view of my almost naked physique. Since my scantly covered mound was at eye level for those sitting at their tables, and I was left standing in their perfect view, thanks to Marybeth’s stop and go agenda. My heart started pounding and I again had this tingling between my thighs. We continued to walk and stop, walk and stop, as we passed the guy’s tables.

During my continued ‘Sound Application’ internship, I kept an eye on Miss Reynolds. I noticed she would turn her gaze towards me, then turn back to the scheduling and rules issues she and Coach Hansen had been working on. I knew deep down Miss Reynolds had my back, but being left so exposed and vulnerable, I was feeling disillusioned, and wondering when she would intervene and stop my ongoing humiliation. Just as Marybeth and I had made it back to the girl’s table, Coach Hansen announced to the guys that it was time to go. They sounded like cattle, as they got up from their tables and headed for the cafeteria exit. I was just happy to be sitting, facing away from the exit, even if my bare back and the word ‘Stones’ written across my ass were in view of their wondering eyes as they walked through the door and out into the hallway.

Stacy, some of her psychology classmates and a few stragglers were all that remained in the cafeteria, other than our basketball team members, and of course Eddie, who was held up at a separate table with his nose buried in his laptop. Angela naturally arrived with Miss Reynolds gym bag, right after my total degradation in front of the guy’s basketball team was complete. She handed the bag to Miss Reynolds who seemed in no rush to return my dress and end my utter humiliation. I sat down next to Miss Reynolds, hoping she would pry her eyes from the game planning notes she had taken, then open her bag and hand me my dress. After what felt like an eternity she finally said. “Oh Sharon. I’m sorry. I forgot you were waiting on your dress”, as she finally removed it from her bag and handed it to me.

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I took hold of the dress and said, “I know you want me to be focused tomorrow night Miss Reynolds, but did you have to set me up like that?” Miss Reynolds held tight to fabric of the dress she still had in her hand and said, “Sharon! I did not set you up! The girls and I ran into Coach Hansen and his team in the hallway on our way here. But, did I think it would be a good ice-breaker for you to spend some time with them, wearing similar attire to what you will be playing in tomorrow? Yes. I did. Either way, they’ve all seen your naked body and now you don’t need to worry about that!” As she released the dress, her words resonated with me. “They’ve All Seen Your Naked Body”, played back over and over through my mind. So much so, that I just sat there holding the dress I had so desperately longed for, only moments ago.

Angela sat down next to me and said with the most enthusiastic tone, “Hey Sharon. I bet you don’t know what took me so long”. I looked at her, still in a fog, and muttered, “Huh?”, still holding my dress in front of me on the table. I looked at her ear to ear grin, then finally snapped out of it, and asked, “Yeah! What did take you so long?” She could barely hold back her excitement, when she began to tell me about her little adventure. The other girls squeezed in closer, in anticipation of Angela’s story, while Miss Reynolds kept to her notes, but I’m sure she was also listening in. Angela went on to tell us how she discovered a crowd of at least a dozen people gathering at the windows outside the cafeteria, as she was walking back from Miss Reynolds’ car.

I was humiliated to know people were watching from outside when Marybeth pulled down my panties, exposing my pussy. I gripped the dress even harder, but for some unknown reason, I didn’t put it on. Angela went on with her story, saying, “I walked up and asked them what they were doing. One student from the college replied, ‘The Wet Panties Girl’ is at it again! Look! as he pointed in the window. I walked up and looked in just at the time you (as she looked right at me) and Marybeth were walking up to the counter. They were all about to come running into the cafeteria when I reached into Miss Reynolds’ bag and pulled out your dress. I told them if they came inside, I would give you back your dress and the show would be over. They all returned to the window and watched from outside.

I looked at Angela in horror, as she continued her story. “I know when it’s dark out, people can see inside lighted homes and buildings, and those inside can’t see out, but these windows must be really thick if you didn’t hear them laugh and cheer when Marybeth pulled down your panties, exposing your little beaver to everyone, Sharon”, as she started laughing along with the others. “What took you so long to put down the waters and cover up your pussy?” she asked. I had no response, so Angela went on uninterrupted. She looked to Marybeth and said, “Nice touch stalling in front of the guys”. She then turned back to me and asked, “What was it like having your little tongue covered camel toe only a couple feet from all those guys? They could have easily just reached out and snatched your ‘Snatch’ Sharon!” The laughter erupted again, so I was now clinching the dress and holding it over my breasts, but still not putting it on. I don’t know why, but it just didn’t occur to me.

Angela told us all about her conversations with the hidden spectators, and how they were all discussing my previous exhibitions and the upcoming basketball game. My panties were dry by now, but my pussy was moist again and I could feel my nipples returning to their erect state. I kept them hidden behind the dress I was now holding against my chest for dear life. Angela continued her moment by moment recap of my naked encounter with the guy’s basketball team. She narrated the events right up to the point where Miss Reynolds handed over my dress to me. By now, Miss Reynolds had taken her note pad and gym bag to an adjoining table, leaving me surrounded by my team mates. Stacy and one other psychology student were all that remained, other than Eddie and two cafeteria workers. Angela’s next question would rattle me and have me questioning my own subconscious agenda.

“Sharon!” she asked. “Why haven’t you put your dress back on yet?” All eyes were on me, and to be truthful, I had no explanation. I stuttered a bit and replied, “I’m going to put it on”. Angela sported her most sinister grin and said, “I know why you’re not putting it on! You’d have to take it away from your tits!” Angela turned away for a second, and before I knew it, she turned back and snatched the dress from my hands, exposing my rock-hard nipples. “OMG Sharon! You’re turned on!” Before I could cover my titillation, two of my team mates grabbed hold of my wrists, leaving my erect nipples on display. Angela reached between my thighs and spread them apart. “Looks a little wet down here girls!” she said in a most menacing tone. She was right. I was ‘Turned On’, and there was no way I could disguise it.

Miss Reynolds finally intervened and said, “That’s enough girls! My guess is that anyone of you under the same circumstances, would find yourselves a bit aroused. Let her go!” The girls let me go, but I was still wearing only my ‘Rolling Stones’ panties and sneakers. I looked around for my dress, but it had disappeared. I complained to Miss Reynolds and the girls. I even begged for the much-needed cover, but to no avail. All of a sudden, I heard Marybeth ask, “Hey Sharon. Is this what you’re looking for?” I looked to her and saw my dress had been wrapped around and tied to a basketball. The girls started to pass the ball around to each other, playing the childhood game of ‘Keep Away’. Being in the center of the girls, trying to intercept my rightfully owned dress was starting to make me feel more playful than embarrassed.

As the basketball, with my dress attached to it, was being tossed around the room, I used my best basketball skills and deflected the ball, which headed for the open cafeteria door, and into the hallway. I ran after the ball, and most importantly my dress. I outran my team mates into the hallway and right smack into Dean Wallace. I don’t know what it was about this man that inspired me to be utterly audacious, but I cordially said, “Excuse me Dean”, then stepped back a bit in defiance, as I purposely left my body on display for him, anticipating some degrading remark. He seemed dismayed and simply said, “Good luck tomorrow Sharon”, and continued on his way. There I was. Standing in the public hallway of the college, wearing nothing but my ‘Rolling Stones’ panties and sneakers while the Dean of students had just wished me ‘Good Luck’ for a game only he wanted me to play in.

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After watching Dean Wallace walk to the end of the hallway and go around the corner, I scurried down the hallway behind him, making every effort to leave enough distance between us, as I approached the basketball. The last thing I wanted was for him to turn around and see me still running around the hallway practically naked. He would never understand how I allowed my dress to be secured to a basketball that was rolling down the hallway of the college. I retrieved the ball and removed the string that was holding the dress to it. I slowly put the ball down, so it would not start to roll again, then found myself hesitating a bit before pulling the dress over my head.

As I put my arms through the openings and pulled the dress down over my exposed body, this feeling of disappointment came over me. Maybe I did need a psychological examination. At that moment, I truly felt like ripping off the dress, tossing it in the trash and trying to make it home wearing nothing but my Rolling Stones panties and sneakers, without getting arrested of course. “Sharon! Have you lost your mind?”, I kept asking myself. Like I said, maybe I did need a psychological examination. It was just then, when I was questioning my own sanity, I felt a presence behind me. Everyone had retreated back into the cafeteria when they saw Dean Wallace in the hallway. I cleared my mind of all thoughts and slowly turned around. I felt there was little possibility of flashing cameras, since I was no longer almost naked and exposed. Stacy was standing there looking at me, with a somewhat bewildered, yet totally capable expression on her face. It’s hard to explain.

“Are you alright Sharon?”, she asked, with little noticeable or genuine feeling in her voice. Looking back at her, I thought to myself, “she never once asked that question when I was being ogled by her and her classmates in the hallways and the gymnasium, or when the male basketball team members were happy to take their photographic advantage of my exposure in the cafeteria, or even when so many others were in view of my humiliating exposition. Yet I was now wearing a dress, I would wear almost anywhere, and she wanted to know if I was alright? I honestly did not know how to respond. Before I could get out a word, Stacy said, “I noticed you paused before putting on your dress. I bet that dress feels like an anchor around your neck. Doesn’t it?” I looked at her with a glare that would let ‘Anyone Else on Earth’, know their opinion was not welcome, but not Stacy! She continued with her well-intended yet undesired conclusion of my emotional mindset.

“What? Stacy! What?” I drilled her. “What are you saying?”, I continued in my most argumentative tone. Stacy casually responded, “Not only do you ‘Not’ want to wear that sundress Sharon, but if I could guarantee you safe passage home, you’d give me that dress, walk out those doors and take your sweet ass time making it back to your house”. “You don’t even know where I live Stacy!”, I rebutted. “Well, if it’s in the area with special college student rates, it’s within a mile in some direction of the school”, she replied with this tone of complete certainty. My heart had started pounding as this strange, but somewhat cute psychology student, seemed to be mentally tuning into my private fantasy. And she was right about my special rate apartment. It was nerve racking, yet somewhat intriguing. Our little debate was interrupted by the call of Miss Reynolds, as she, Angela and the other girls had made their way from the cafeteria to the exit doors.

By now it was after 8:30 and completely dark outside. Stacy said with this most assumptive voice, “It’s only a mile” as she looked through her glasses, pretending she was concerned about the color of her nail polish. Before I knew, what I was doing, I had called out to Miss Reynolds and the girls, letting them know Stacy was going to take me home. Miss Reynolds called back, “Don’t forget your little white panties for tomorrow’s game Sharon”. I gave her a thumbs-up and returned my attention back to Stacy. I don’t what I was expecting, but this strange little girl who had her pulse on my most secret desire, had been able sway me into staying and finding out. The door closed behind Miss Reynolds, the girls and Eddie, leaving me standing there with Stacy and the two remaining psych students. One male student named Simon and another girl whose name was Jackie. Neither of them had spoken very much.

Stacy turned her focus to her other hand’s finger nails, continuing her masquerade as she smugly said, “I see you’re interested”. “Interested in what? I’m not interested in anything, Stacy! I just didn’t want to delay my friends while I explained to you, how wrong you are!” I asserted. “O.k. Sharon, but if it’s all the same to you, I’m going to see if Miss Green is still in the psych class, and if the permit is still valid. Why don’t you come with us?”, she asked. Then she, Simon and Jackie started on their way to Miss Green’s psychology class room without waiting for my answer. Curiosity must have gotten the best of me because I blindly followed them down the hallway, wondering what she meant by ‘Safe Passage’.

We arrived at Miss Green’s classroom and my heart started pounding even more when I saw the door was open and the light was on. I followed Stacy and the others into the classroom. Miss Green looked up from her desk and said, “Good evening young people. What brings you by at this hour?” Stacy replied, “Miss Green. Is that permit still valid?” “Well, let’s see” she said, as she opened her desk drawer. She squinted through her little granny glasses at what appeared to be some kind of a formal document, and said, “Well yes, it is still valid. It’s valid for eight more days”. She was handing the paper to Stacy, when she looked over and recognized me. She stood up and walked over to me and took hold of my hands, which were shaking by now. She looked me over and said, “Sharon. Why so nervous? I bet it’s that dress. It must feel like you’re wearing lead. Let’s get it off so you can relax”.

I tried to insist that it was not my dress that was making me uncomfortable but could barely utter the words, as she released my hands and took hold of the hem of my little cotton dress. Still unable to form the syllables needed to communicate my opposition, I just stood there like a mannequin as this sweet, little old professor removed the cover, I so desperately needed to help restore my dignity. After only minutes, I was again wearing only panties and sneakers. I felt helpless as I watched her neatly fold the thin cotton material and place it on her desk. She regained hold of my hands and said, “Now isn’t that better, being rid of that heavy thing?” I didn’t reply, as I felt my nipples return to their erect state. I was petrified my arousal would be noticed but couldn’t cover my tits while Miss Green continued her grip on my hands. She let go of one hand and said, “Come sit with me on the sofa Sharon”, as she led me across the large room and away from my dress.